

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE:

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of the Peninsular War.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. &c. In 3 vols. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 207. London, 1827. J. Murray.

THIS second volume of Mr. Southey's great national work embraces the period from January 1809 to February 1811: from the surrender of Coruña, to the advance of Lord Wellington from the lines of Torres Vedras towards Santarém, in pursuit of Massena, and the stormy political state of our domestic affairs involved in the regency question and Mr. Percival's establishment as prime minister. Four years have elapsed since the first volume appeared; and those of our readers who can do us the favour to refer to our Nos. 308 and 309, (Dec. 14th and 21st, 1822,) will there find our opinion of its merits. It is unquestionably one of the ablest historical compositions of this or of any age;—the style peculiar, but fine, flowing, and pleasant, so as to place the subject and all the details clearly within view;—the sentiments and principles uniformly moral and patriotic;—the information ample, and illustrative of a multitude of new circumstances and hitherto unknown facts;—the whole a marked triumph to the talents of the author, and to the character and genius of his country.

Consistently with the plan of our Journal, (which leads us to convey as much intelligence as we can within the limits of a weekly sheet, rather than to elaborate essays in support of our opinions, or to dogmatise on points which require to be discussed at great length, and are even then often left very much in indeterminate darkness,) we abstain from pronouncing upon Mr. Southey's arguments relative to party men and party policies; though we must say, we agree with him entirely in thinking that the heat of controversy never betrayed any opponents to government into such un-English language and un-English measures as were heard and witnessed among the most violent portion of them, at the time of which this volume treats. Moderate persons of all sides had their doubts and fears;—it was a struggle to alarm the bravest, and a conviction to stagger the wisest: but true bravery has the firmest front in the midst of the greatest danger: and true wisdom would not betray its trust to the enemy. Surely, when we look back at this tremendous epoch, it is painful to observe how much Buonaparte was cheered and encouraged in his design of subjugating the world, by the tone and conduct of a considerable division within ourselves. Happily for Britain and for mankind, the better cause prevailed; and if the continent of Europe is not, even now, what might be wished and expected, its aspect is at least widely different from what it would have been under one despotic sceptre, and with a boundless military array directed against this country—the last refuge of independence and liberty.

With these brief remarks, which are called

for by the quotations we are obliged to make, in order to illustrate the volume before us, we proceed to extract a few passages from the work, confessing our inability to do more with such a building than to shew a few sample bricks. That it is minute in its descriptions, though it precludes us from copying them, cannot be imputed as a fault to the writer: the vast importance of the events renders every particular interesting; and the proudest period of English history could hardly be dwelt upon more circumstantially than would be agreeable to the public taste and popular curiosity. These the production of Mr. Southey is well calculated to gratify.

In April 1809, it seems, Marshal Soult entertained the purpose of shaping out a kingdom for himself.

"Among the Portuguese," says the author, "who, from the perversion of good feelings, or the original prevalence of base ones, were open to corruption, persons were found to forward the design which Soult had now formed of becoming King of Northern Lusitania. Buonaparte's formation of new principalities and kingdoms for his brothers and favourites, had made the generals of this new Alexander suppose that his conquests would be divided among them, and a petty kingdom under this title had been carved out in the secret treaty of Fontainebleau. A deputation of twelve principal inhabitants of Braga, as they were represented to be, waited upon the marshal, and published in his gazette an account of their interview with him, and an address in consequence to the Portuguese people. They assured their countrymen that Marshal Soult had conversed with them at great length, upon the produce, commerce, and interests of the province between the rivers, in a manner which formed a striking contrast to the conduct of their old government. That government, they said, had been indifferent about all things except the raising of its revenues. The flight of the Prince Regent amounted to a voluntary abdication of the throne, and a happy futurity might now be anticipated under a better dynasty. 'The House of Braganza,' said these traitors, 'no longer exists. It is the will of Heaven that our destinies should pass into other hands; and it has been the peculiar favour of Divine Providence to send us a man exempt from passions, and devoted to true glory alone, who desires to employ the force entrusted to him by the great Napoleon only for our protection and deliverance from the monster of anarchy which threatened to devour us. Why do we delay to assemble round him, and proclaim him our father and deliverer? Why do we delay to express our anxiety to see him at the head of a nation, of whose affections he has made so rapid a conquest? The sovereign of France will lend a gracious ear to our supplications, and will rejoice to see that we desire one of his lieutenants for our king, who, in imitation of his example, knows how to conquer and to pardon.' Such an address could not have been published in a

journal which was under French superintendence unless it had been in unison with Soult's designs. On another occasion, when he gave audience to a second deputation from Braga, and to the civil, religious, and military authorities of Porto, the obsequious traitors requested that, till the supreme intentions of the emperor should be ascertained, they might be allowed to swear fidelity to his most worthy representative, who had so many claims upon the love, respect, and gratitude of the Portuguese. The marshal expatiated as usual, in reply, upon the felicities which were about to be showered upon Portugal under a French master: 'As to what concerns myself,' he added, 'I feel obliged by the frank expressions which you have used relating to my person; but it does not depend upon me to answer them.' He had, however, depended so much upon realising this dream of ambition, that proclamations were prepared, announcing him as king. It was fortunate for the parties concerned, that they went no farther; for one of his staff, who was supposed to be a principal agent in the scheme, was recalled to Paris, and Buonaparte, addressing him by name at a grand levee, said to him, 'Take care how you draw up proclamations! My empire is not yet sufficiently extended for my generals to become independent. One step farther, and I would have had you shot.' Expecting no such impediment to his hopes, the 'worthy representative' of Buonaparte proceeded, as his master had done in Egypt, to shew his attachment to the religion of the people whom he came to govern. There is a famous crucifix, known by the name of Nosso Senhor de Bouças, in the little town of Matosinhos, upon the coast, about a league from Porto. According to tradition, it is the oldest image in Portugal, being the work of Nicodemus; and though the workman neither attempted to represent muscle nor vein, it is affirmed that there cannot be a more perfect and excellent crucifix. Antiquaries discovered another merit in it, for there has been a controversy concerning the number of nails used in the crucifixion, and in this image four are represented, agreeing with the opinion of St. Gregory of Tours, and the revelation made to the Swedish St. Bridget. The sea cast it up; and its miraculous virtue was soon attested by innumerable proofs. One of the arms was wanting when it was found; the best sculptors were employed to supply this deficiency; but in spite of all their skill, not one of them could produce an arm which would fit the place for which it was designed. One day a poor but pious woman, as she was gathering shell-fish and drift-wood for fuel, picked up upon the beach a wooden arm, which she, supposing that it had belonged to some ordinary and profane image, laid upon the fire. The reader will be at no loss to imagine that it sprang out of the flames,—that the neighbours collected at the vociferations of the woman,—that the priests were ready to carry it in procession to the church of N. Senhor; and that the moment it was applied to the stump whereto it belonged,

a miraculous junction was effected. Our Lord of Bouças became from that time one of the most famous idols in Portugal; and on the day of his festival five-and-twenty thousand persons have sometimes been assembled at his church, coming thither in pilgrimage from all parts. To this idol Marshal Soult thought proper to offer his devotions. He and his staff visited the church, and prostrating themselves before the altar, paid, says his journal, that tribute of respect and reverence which religion requires from those who are animated with the true spirit of Christianity. 'There cannot,' continued the hypocritical traitor who recorded this mummery,—'there cannot be a more affecting and interesting spectacle, than to see a great man humbling himself in the presence of the King of kings and Sovereign Disposer of empires. All the inhabitants of Matosinhos who were present at this religious solemnity were wrapt in ecstasy!' The French marshal testified his great concern at hearing that the plate and jewels and ornaments of the church had been carried off; and he promised the rector that he would offer two large silver candlesticks to Nosso Senhor, and dedicate a silver lamp to him, and assign funds to keep it burning night and day, and, moreover, that he would double the stipend of the rector and the sacristan. 'Let this fact,' said his penman, 'be contrasted with what we have been told respecting the irreligion of the French troops and their leaders! It is time to open our eyes, and to acknowledge the hand of Providence in the events which have befallen us. How fortunate are we that Heaven has destined us to be governed by a hero who possesses a heart disposed to be deeply and warmly impressed with the majesty of our holy religion, and who aspires only to make it shine forth with new and never-fading splendour! Let the calumniators be confounded, and the timid be tranquil! Our hopes ought to be re-animated now that they have obtained a support which, resting on religion, and lifting its head above the storms, promises them entire realisation.' Not a word of restoring the spoils of the church had been said by Marshal Soult:—his promise of the lamp and the funds for the oil, and the increase of salaries, was confirmed by a decree in which he dedicated the lamp, assigned a revenue of sixteen milreals for its support, and doubled the incomes; as far as the decree went he performed his promise, and no farther. His situation, indeed, was becoming too perilous to allow him time for the farce of superstition."

The chief ill-news came from Galicia, but combining with other things, the French were rendered inactive; taking advantage of which, Colonel Trant wrought them much mischief; and Mr. S. proceeds with the following sad story:—

"Whether it were that Marshal Soult despaired of conciliating the people whom he came to invade and enslave, or if the system of severity was more congenial to his own temper,

as well as to that of the tyrant whom he served, he endeavoured at this time to intimidate them by measures as atrocious as those which his predecessor Junot had pursued. Such Portuguese as he suspected of communicating either with Trant or Silveira were hung from the trees along the road-side, with or without proof, and their bodies left to putrefy there, all persons being forbidden to bury them. Deep as was the detestation of such enemies which this conduct excited, there were other actions at this time, which excited, if possible, a stronger feeling of indignant abhorrence. A party of disbanded militia, with a Portuguese lieutenant-colonel at their head, surprised a *chef d'escadron* near the village of Arrifana, and killed him and three dragoons of his escort. He was one of the Lameth family, so noted in the first stage of the French revolution; and having been Soult's aide-de-camp, had served in the Peninsula with a zeal which could never have been employed in a worse cause. Having been a favourite with the commander and his staff, it was determined to take vengeance for his death; it had taken place in a part of the country of which they had military possession, and they thought proper therefore to consider it as an action not conformable to the laws of war. General Thomières, who had been accustomed to such services, was sent to inflict what the French called an exemplary and imposing chastisement,—not upon the individuals concerned, for they were doing their duty elsewhere in defence of their country, but upon the people of Arrifana indiscriminately. A French detachment accordingly entered the village at daybreak, seized twenty-four of the inhabitants, marched them into a field, and, having tied them in couples back to back, fired upon them till they were all killed. The rest of the villagers,—brethren and sisters, parents, wives, and children, were compelled to be spectators of this butchery; the village was then set on fire, and many of the women and girls carried into an ermita or chapel, and there violated."

Of the mode in which the author speaks of the Opposition at home, we give one short specimen, without comment.

"During the first success of the Spaniards, the enemies of government either were silent or joined faintly in the expression of national feeling which was heard from all parts of the united kingdoms. No sooner had the prospect begun to darken, than their real wishes were disclosed; and, true to their belief in the omnipotence of Buonaparte, they expatiated upon the folly and insanity of opposing one against whom it was impossible that any resistance could be successful. They dwelt upon the consummate wisdom of his cabinet, the unequalled ability of his generals, the inexhaustible numbers of his armies, and their irresistible force; but they neither took into this account the character of the Spanish people, nor the nature of their country, nor the strength of moral principles and of a righteous cause,—being ignorant alike of all. That faith in English courage, by which the fields of Cressy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt, were won, and which in our own days we had seen proved, not only upon our own element, our empire of the seas, at the mouths of the Nile and at Cape Trafalgar, but before the walls of Acre, and in Egypt, and at Maida, and in Portugal;—that faith which should ever be the first article of an Englishman's creed, for while it is believed, so long is it true;—that faith these men had

\* This is the substance of a declamation upon oath by one of the eye-witnesses.

abjured, and substituted in its place a political heresy, baneful as it was false, that upon land nothing could withstand the French. The world was made for Buonaparte, and he had only to march over it, and take possession. When they were reminded of this tyrant's guilt, they thought it a sufficient reply to tell us of his greatness, and would have had us fall down and worship the Golden Image at the very time when the Spaniards were walking amid the burning fiery furnace. They began by predicting the failure of all our efforts, and the total ruin of the Spanish cause; laying down as 'a proposition too plain to be disputed, that the spirit of the people, however enthusiastic and universal, was in its nature more uncertain and short-lived, more liable to be extinguished by reverses, or to go out of itself, amid the delays of a protracted contest, than the steady, regular, moderate feeling which calls out disciplined troops, and marshals them under known leaders, and supplies them by systematic arrangements.' That it was in the power of England to assist the Spanish people with such troops, such leaders, and such arrangements, they had neither heart to feel nor understanding to perceive. They ridiculed the 'romantic hopes of the English nation'; hopes, they said, which had been raised by 'the tricks of a paltry and interested party.' Could any man of sense, they demanded, any one 'above the level of a drivelling courtier, or a feeble fanatic, look at this contest without trembling every inch of him for the result?' But the baseness of party went beyond this. Not only were ministers blamed for what they had done in assisting Spain, and counselled to withdraw their assistance as speedily as possible, but the Spaniards themselves were calumniated and insulted. They had neither courage, nor honour, nor patriotism; no love for their country, nor any thing in their country worth defending. What mattered it to them whether their king were called Joseph or Ferdinand, a Buonaparte or a Bourbon? God would dispense sunshine and showers upon the peninsula, whoever was his vicergerent there; the corn and the olive would ripen, and the vine and the fig-tree yield their fruits. What folly then to contend for a feeble and oppressive government, of which the loss was gain! The emperor of the French had rid them of this wretched government; he had abolished the Inquisition, reduced the monastic orders, and would suppress them and all other remaining grievances as soon as the obstinacy of the people would allow him leisure. And indeed the people were sensible of these benefits:—a few chiefs, the overgrown aristocracy of the land, had for a while misled them; but those chiefs had only a little hour to strut and fret; and for the people, whose detestation of the French government had been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorised by its proceedings toward them, their eyes were opened now; they saw that Buonaparte was doing good; while, on the other hand, they regarded the English as heretics; and nothing could overcome the antipathy which this feeling occasioned.

"Mr. Banks talked of the money: 'We had it not to spare, and if we had, even then we ought not to spare it. Too much had already been furnished to the Spaniards. Where were we to find more? specie we had not, and paper would not answer. The enemy were now perhaps in possession of Cadiz, which had escaped immediate capture only through an accident. The Cortes had not even a town in Spain to meet in. It was quite romantic to expect that a British army, of 20,000 or 25,000

\* This reminds us of a passage in Suetonius, which we quoted (we believe) in an early *Literary Gazette*, where the author, after speaking of the general lamentations for the death of Julius Cæsar, after mentioning that the soldiers threw their arms upon the funeral pile, and that many people tore their rich and embroidered garments, and committed them to the flames, adds, that others cast upon it different articles, and "Matrone etiam pteraque ornamenta sua que gerebant, et liberorum bullas atque preteas. In summo publico lectu exterarum gentium multitudine, circulem suo queque more lamentata est; præcipue Juddi qui etiam vestibus continis bustum frequentant." It thus appears the Jews even then knew the value of burnt gold lace—pretty much in the same spirit that Soult lamented the abstraction of the church-plate.

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men, even with whatever co-operation Portugal could give, would be able to maintain the war there as a principal against France. He must oppose the motion, and recommend that the resources of the country should be husbanded for our defence."

"The French and their partisans did not fail to make due use of what was thus advanced in their favour; but the Portuguese were too well acquainted with the real character and feelings of this nation to have their faith in British friendship shaken by the gross misrepresentations of a virulent party: and they knew, perhaps, that statesmen who take part against the government and against the allies of their country, and writers who pervert to the most wicked and perilous purposes the freedom of the press, are the concomitant evils of a free constitution like ours, under which both public and private libellers breed like vermin in a genial climate."

This is not indeed a very measured fashion of speech: our readers, as their opinions go, will approve or disapprove of it: and in our next we shall look at more miscellaneous extracts.

*Dame Rebecca Berry; or, Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles II.* 2 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. London, 1827.

A CURIOUS old tradition is here made the ground-work for one of those works, i. e. novels, which form so popular a branch of our modern literature. Perhaps, in nothing is our improvement in style, information, &c. more evident than in the great change which has taken place in the species of romance that narrates the events of other days. Formerly, a few hair-breadth escapes, a dark chamber, a dreary dungeon, the midnight bell, friars, assassins, connected by a properly beautiful heroine, were sufficient for the circulating medium; now, at least considerable historical knowledge is required, and much talent must be shewn in applying that knowledge, ere an author can hope for aught like popularity. Thus the scenes in Charles's court, drawn with a wit and vivacity which have caught the very spirit of the times, constitute the chief attraction of the pages now before us. The commencement of the story is prettily told, but the romantic interest thrown round Rebecca ceases on— but we will not be so ill-natured as to commit that heinous offence against novel readers and novel writers—we will not forestall the tale; but simply observe, it is contrary to the character of the lady's lord and master to suppose that to the dissipated court it would be his first step to introduce his young bride; and that, moreover, she is too evidently brought to London for the mere introduction of these scenes, which seem in a degree isolated from the rest. We are far, however, from quarrelling with their introduction: light, lively, *spirituelle*, we could almost believe the writer had figured in the gay crowds so amusingly depicted. The following extract is as the veriest short-hand description of the brilliant *soirée* it depicts. In the disguise of a mountebank, Rochester, then banished from the court for a lampoon, has obtained a promise from the King to grant him any petition; the *dénouement* is as follows:

"At one table sat the merry monarch at cards with the party Andrew Wilford had described, and at another, the fair Stewart, swinging a pearl rosary to and fro with one hand, whilst on the other leant a head which, had the Grecian artists seen, would have saved them the trouble of seeking in many the model of that Helen they might have here found

in one: her beautiful, but unmeaning eyes, seemed undecided, whether to cast glances of displeasure at the artificer of the card mansion before her, or looks of admiration at her own foot (the prettiest in the world), which was busily employed in trying to depose *Ninon* from an eiderdown cushion, of which she monopolised more than the owner of the pretty foot in question thought fair; but all in vain: every *coup de pied* *Ninon* repaid by a somewhat bolder attack on the brilliants that clasped the little white satin slipper that assailed her, till wearied with the unequal contest, the forgiving beauty exclaimed, '*Ninon, mon ange, embrasse la maman*,' upon which *Ninon* sprang into her lap, and placing her two snowy paws on a neck that rivalled them, did as she was desired. 'Tush!' said she to Sir Charles Lyttleton, who had been *faisant son possible* to please her, which he found to be impossible. 'You cannot build a castle as high as my hand;—I must wait for the Duke of Buckingham;—I hope he'll come; but I think he will, don't you, *Ninon*? but I must comb your pretty ears,' she continued, reaching a golden comb studded with emeralds from a *chiffonnière* that stood near her, that you may look nice for him, if he does, because he is so fond of you, and was so good to you to-day at Greenwich. 'Ah!' cried the Chevalier de Gramont, '*que je voudrais bien être coiffer à la Ninon*.' There are certainly different ways of being made happy,' observed Lord Chesterfield, with a sneer, as he stood behind his wife's chair; and then thinking to pique her, by drawing her attention to the devoted persecution her *ci-devant* adorer, the Duke of York, was inflicting on the fair Jennings, added, addressing her, and glancing at him, 'Who do you think the happiest man in the world?' 'Really, my lord,' said the greenstockinged beauty, with a contemptuous curl of her pretty lip, 'I can only give you the same answer that *Solon* gave *Crasus* to a similar question. When you are dead, (she continued, fixing her large eyes full on the Chevalier de Gramont,) I shall be able to determine.' The sapient earl, not finding the solution to his query the most agreeable in the world, had recourse to an expedient often resorted to by persons in similar situations, that of becoming the herald of some intelligence which the eyes and ears of every body present had already acquainted them with; and the Duke of Bucks having had the kindness to make his appearance just at this juncture, his lordship, perpetrating one of his most amiable smiles, turned to Miss Stewart, and said, 'Fair lady, see how the fates wait upon your wishes; here is the Duke of Buckingham.' 'Oh! I'm so glad,' she cried, almost running to meet him. 'But have you found that queer man? And, above all, have you brought the dwarf? And will you build me a castle with three packs of cards, because Sir Charles Lyttleton says it's impossible, and I said I knew you could do it?' And looking at the knight with the pettishness of a half-triumphant, half-disappointed spoilt child, as she concluded this brilliant harangue, she threw herself back in her chair, and laughed like a baby. 'I have found that queer man, lady,' said the duke, 'I have brought the dwarf, and I will build you a castle with three packs of cards.' 'Oh! nice, nice!' said the Stewart, clapping her hands with delight; 'but where are they?' she continued, taking the duke by the arm, and looking round him. 'Not in my pocket,' laughed his grace; 'but if it be his majesty's pleasure, they shall be here anon.'

'Odds fish!' cried the king, laying down his cards, 'and have you really found them? why, George, all the Sir Hildebrands, Sir Caulineas, and Sir Tristrams, may hide their diminished heads, for thou art the very prince of knights errant; and now for the mystery of the medal, though 'tis easily guessed at; no doubt some graceless knave, who wishes for the honour, and still more for the profit of being our prime jester; but where are the varlets? We will e'en see them, and let them have their humour.' The duke whispered something in the king's ear. 'Bravely executed,' said the latter, rising, 'we will see him directly—and in the mean time you may bring the conjuror and his coadjutor the dwarf here.' Saying which, the monarch and the duke left the room together; the former to give an audience to Lord Ossory, the latter to conduct Rochester and his wily page to Miss Stewart's apartments.—He was not long in finding them; and so completely changed was the earl's voice and manner, that even the Duke of Buckingham was scarcely certain of his identity, as he ushered him into the room, where a crowd of his most intimate associates gathered round him, staring at him with all the wonder novelty excites, and never once dreaming that they were entitled to claim any of the privileges of acquaintanceship with the formidable-looking personage before them;—he entered at a most preposterously dignified pace, whilst the dwarf tumbled before him, with a rapidity of motion that baffled all attempts at discovering whether his evolutions were the effects of mechanism, or the dexterity of a human being. After having, in this manner, made the tour of the room, he came opposite the fair Stewart, and commenced a series of antics, that threw her into convulsions of laughter, till his master struck his wand three times heavily on the ground, when he instantly sprang upon his feet, and throwing up his cap and bells, turned his back to Miss Stewart, and made her an inverse bow, almost to the very ground. After which, he remained as motionless, and as mute, as if he had been but a copy of humanity. 'How now, will you not let these ladies hear your voice vent itself in a song, sirrah, since you will not condescend to breathe it into speech?' said the Duke of Bucks: but the dwarf made no other answer, than by shaking his head, and placing his cap on the duke's. 'Twere a pity,' said the latter, returning it to him, 'that I should deprive one of it, whom it becomes so well, especially as it does not fit me.' 'It only requires to be made greater,' replied the dwarf, untying a string, and again placing it on the duke's head—who good-humouredly said, 'he perceived it.' '*Dulce est desipere in loco*,' said Lord Arlington. 'A very good maxim that,' returned the duke, 'for a chamberlain, who is in place; but the *in loco*, my good lord, makes all the difference, and I who am not in place.'—'Have the more merit,' interposed the Chevalier de Gramont, 'in playing the fool in all places.' 'Done, then,' cried the duke, with the most inimitable *sang froid*, 'I'll play you for a thousand, till the king returns.' They were scarcely seated, when the dwarf sprang forward, and seizing all the cards upon the table, placed himself at Miss Stewart's feet, and began erecting a castle, which, to her infinite astonishment, he soon completed with five packs of cards; nothing could have kept her delight within bounds, but the fear of destroying the dwarf's handy-work, which now stood far above his head. In the midst of the praises she was bestowing on the little architect, the



king returned, who seemed to the full as much diverted with the two mountebanks as his silly favourite. 'Well, thou king of conjurers,' said he, addressing Lord Rochester, 'and what may thy pleasure be with us?' 'To know yours, my liege,' replied the earl. 'How now, speakest thou always in riddles, Sir Knave?—or it may be that we take thee wrongly—and thou wouldst merely know if we were fairly caught in the trap which thy wisdom laid for us this morning; a trap, forsooth, of most classical origin: thou wert no fool though; a bait that could entrap a fair nymph, was the one of all others to suit us:—but for our pleasure.' 'Ask him to sing,' whispered the Stewart, who stood at his elbow—'it must be so funny to hear him.' 'Dost thou, or thy prime minister there, know ought of music?' continued the king; 'if so, it may go far to gain thy cause.'"

The page then sings the fine and well-known old song of Colonel Lovelace's, "To Althea, from prison:"

"Our favourite song, by the law Harry, cried the king; 'and for that same thy boon shall be granted, even were it to the amount of a pension that should frighten thy father-in-law into an ague, brother, (turning to the Duke of York,) or to the pardoning of the greatest rascal in our dominions, to the outraging of Christian charity in all our bishops.' 'Now then,' said Lord Rochester, resuming his own voice, and throwing off his masquerade, to the astonishment of all present, and more especially to that of the king, 'now that I have your majesty's most gracious promise of pardon, I need no longer this disguise; for the most loyal shape in which I could have the happiness to appear before you, sire, is that of my own proper person.' 'My Lord Rochester,' said the king haughtily, 'you are not, we perceive, yet cured of carrying your jests too far. We hold ourselves bound to the fulfilment of no promise extorted from us under false pretences; and, therefore, we acknowledge none to you.' 'Were your majesty's memory, (replied the earl, still kneeling, and looking up at the king with an expression comically awful,)—were your majesty's memory as good as your mercy is great, you would acknowledge yourself bound, sire, even by the most unequivocal promise to pardon me.' 'Prove it,' said the king, 'and, worthless as you may be, you shall not have it to say that Charles Stuart broke his word.' 'I would appeal to this fair company,' said Lord Rochester, with a look meant to be that of triumphant virtue, 'if your majesty did not, but five minutes since, in the abundance of your goodness, aver, when yonder knave had finished that brave old cavalier song of Colonel Lovelace's (God rest his loyal soul!) that for the sake of it, you would grant any boon we might ask—even to the pardoning of 'the greatest rascal in your dominions,' and, as such,' he concluded, with downcast eyes, and a look of disclaiming modesty, 'I do not think I arrogate too much to myself, in claiming the fulfilment of your royal promise.' The frown which had lowered upon the king's brow was obliged to yield to the scarcely suppressed laugh Lord Rochester's appeal had forced from all those to whom it was made; and after his own mirth had subsided sufficiently to allow him to speak, he placed his hand on the earl's shoulder, exclaiming:—'Look ye, my lords, a miracle! Rochester has spoken the truth, and as it is only fair that one miracle should work another, he has our pardon; and verily, from the way we were inclined towards him not two hours since, nothing short of a miracle could

have obtained it for him; but see that a wonder so great as that of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, having once in his life spoken the truth, be duly chronicled among the remarkable events of our reign. But George,' he continued, turning to the Duke of Bucks, 'we think we owe thee a grudge, if thou knewest this whitewashed jackdaw under his borrowed plumes?' 'Your majesty,' replied the duke, 'I think will acquit me of knowing Rochester, when he is so changed as to know himself.' 'True, true,' laughed the king; 'but how comes it, Rochester, that we have heard nothing of thee during the whole time we have not seen thee? We knew thou wert not dead; because, had that been the case, England would have been, for a second time, edified with public thanksgiving for the plague of London having ceased.' '*Nunquam mores quos extuli refero, aliquid ex eo quod composui turbatur: aliquid ex his quæ fugavi, redit*,' saith Seneca, 'and I aim not at going beyond him; but if your majesty have any curiosity to know how I employed my genius whilst retired from the busy world, (a genius that renovated greatly in the solitude into which my mournful exile plunged me,) I have kept a diary, which is, sire, as the author ever has been, at your service.' Saying which, he beckoned to Eden Green, and touching the spring of his hump, to the no small amusement of every one present, drew from it a somewhat voluminous MS. The king was much diverted at this new style of *escriitoir*; and turning to the Chevalier de Gramont said:—'Chevalier, I do not think that even in France they could have invented any thing more ingenious; is it not very extraordinary?' '*Point du tout, sire*,' replied the chevalier; '*sans doute*,' placing his hand on the diary, '*il y'en a bien assez là dedans, pour donner des boîtes à tout le monde*.' '*Parbleu! je le crois bien, vous avez raison, chevalier*,' said the king, laughing immoderately. 'We expect to be much improved, Rochester, by the perusal of this said diary of thine, as we firmly believe in the efficacy of the Spartan method of correcting errors; but it is now late—so go thy way, John.' 'So, please your majesty, and what way may that be?' inquired the earl. 'Even the way thou hast always gone; to the d—l,' said the king. '*A revoir* then, *mon prince*,' muttered Rochester, as he bowed out of the apartment. 'I have always heard, (said the Duke of Buckingham, when he and the earl found themselves in the street,) that fortune favoured fools; but I never knew her to favour knaves as she has done thee to-day, John.' 'Ah,' replied his companion, 'that is because I was flanked by a —; but I thank thee, George, for the part thou hast taken in this day's destiny; but remember thou dost not fail me in Tower Street the day after to-morrow; and now fare thee well.' 'Had you not better remain with me for the rest of the night, as it is now very late?' said the duke. 'No, no; this has been a day of miracles; besides, it would not be politic to disobey so soon after getting into favour—and didst not hear old Rowly tell me to go to the d—l? so I'll even do his bidding, and go home to Lady Rochester.'"

The Spring of the novelist is now rapidly commencing; faster and faster are the leaves putting forth; and among the many, we cannot do better than recommend our readers to the amusing volumes which narrate the eventful history of Dame Rebecca Berry.

*Yorkshire Scenery; or, Excursions in Yorkshire, &c.* By E. Rhodes, Author of *Peak Scenery*. 4to. pp. 167. London, 1827.

Longman and Co. Sheffield, E. Rhodes. Or Mr. Rhodes's talent as a writer, fitted, by taste and feeling, to produce a charming work of the class to which this belongs, we need say nothing; his *Peak Scenery* is a sufficient eulogium. Yorkshire, it is true, with that it possesses in fine features of the picturesque and interesting, is not like Derbyshire; still the field is vaster, and there is plenty in it, both of delightful scenery and of historical reminiscences, to enable any writer, of even half Mr. Rhodes's abilities, to make it yield a pictorial and literary harvest of great beauty and richness. We have, therefore, no doubt, especially judging from this first part, that the present publication will be altogether worthy of its subject and its author.

The good natives of London, who are apt to fancy that Yorkshire is remarkable for nothing but horse-racing and bites, will perhaps be more astonished than delighted by any description of the natural beauties and memorabilia which abound in that county; but the reader of more enlarged mind, who loves the varied landscape, the ruined tower, and the legendary tradition, will be sensible of congenial pleasure, while he follows in the track of these Excursions. Mr. Rhodes has evidently an enthusiastic eye, and what is of more consequence, an enthusiastic heart, for the enjoyment of such things; and the ancient tree with its giant limbs, the sky in tempestuous dunness or in golden light, the wandering rivulet or far hill-bounded prospect, the stern castle now mouldering into decay or the local story of its fate, have all attractions for him, the impressions of which he strives to communicate in these pages, and not seldom with considerable effect, though sometimes in rather an ambitious manner.

This is the general character of his work—a character which precludes us from exemplifying it by many extracts, because we cannot indulge in that copiousness of words which is essential to descriptions of this kind, where the imagination dwells upon every point, and language labours to set the picture vividly forth; whereas we (though also quarto) have too much to do within small compass, to permit us to choose the flowery in preference to the beaten path.

In our own straight-forward way, therefore, we must go. The book is dedicated to Lord Milton. After some preliminary observations, which do credit to the author's good feelings (as indeed the whole does), it commences with Sheffield, and tells of its cutlery and plated manufactures. Rotherham, Roche Abbey, Tickhill Castle, and Conisbrough (famous in *Ivanhoe*), are its other principal topics: and our selection shall be miscellaneous from these various places.

Of the county the author speaks eloquently. 'Yorkshire,' he says, 'contains a great variety of interesting objects; noble mansions, rich with works of art—castles, formidable even in decay—abbeys and monasteries, that once flourished in strength and splendour, but now present only a heap of ruins, to which the creeping ivy clings, and about whose dilapidated walls the lank grass waves. These, in connexion with the hills and vales, woods, streams, lakes, and rivers, that surround them, constitute an assemblage of objects, amongst which those who truly love the beauties of nature and the elegancies of art, may wander with grateful and exalted feelings. To these, the rich adornments of this great



county, the observations in the following pages will be principally, but not solely confined. Biographical, historical, and topographical notices will be occasionally introduced, to diversify and relieve the monotony of picturesque description. Such is the brief outline of what is intended in these Excursions, which have been almost entirely performed on foot, the best of all possible modes of exploring the scenery of a country, and becoming acquainted with its beauties."

Which quotation we may applaud in the chorus of the old song which we have heard in Yorkshire,—

Which nobody can deny, deny;  
Which nobody can deny.

Tickhill castle is a ruin of high antiquity, and was a place of great force and consideration: it has witnessed many vicissitudes and much bloodshed. William the Conqueror gave it and "the honour" attached to it (with the manor) to Roger de Busli, one of his warlike knights.

"This important personage is said to have had forty-six manors, in the county of York, given him by his sovereign, on some of which he had splendid residences; but Tickhill appears to have been selected by him as a favourite spot. He built the castle, surrounded the walls with a deep moat, and on an elevated mound, erected with great labour and expense, he built a formidable keep, and established around it a fortress of considerable strength. His name was identified with the whole of this part of the country. He held the lordship and manor of Hallam, in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, as early as the year 1080. He had, besides, valuable possessions in the county of Derby; and Thornton, in his History of Nottinghamshire, says that he had 'one hundred and seventy-nine manors in that county alone'; but Hunter, in his valuable history of Hallamshire, observes, that this was not 'actual ownership, but nominal possession only.' The second Roger de Busli died in the reign of Henry I.; and the next in succession having implicitly espoused the cause of the Empress Maude, King Stephen, highly offended at his conduct, seized on his domain of the 'honour of Tickhill,' and bestowed it on one of his more faithful adherents.

"In 1320, the barons, encouraged by a prospect of assistance from Bruce, King of Scotland, besieged it valiantly, but they were repulsed by the bravery of the garrison by which it was then occupied. In the reign of Charles I. it had the reputation of being a strong place, and it was then 'palisaded, and environed with a broad moat and a counterscarp.' After the battle of Marston Moor, and the consequent surrender of York to the parliamentary forces, this formidable castle, then a royal garrison, was attacked and reduced after two days' siege. The days of its splendour and its strength were now fast verging to a close. The power of Charles had waned away, and the republican parliament issued an order, that 'the several castles of Tickhill and Sheffield, being inland castles, be made untenable, and no garrison be kept or maintained in them.' Thus terminates the military history of this once important fortress. It is now held by the Earl of Scarborough, on lease from the crown, and is the site of a pleasant residence."

Near this spot, the author went to see "John Bigland, a man well known in the literary world. We found him (he says) in his garden, rearing flowers and cultivating vegetables. This veteran author lives a life of patriarchal simplicity, systematically dividing his hours between

his books and his garden. Far the greater part of his life has been spent in the occupation of a school-master in various parts of Yorkshire, and at no very remote distance from the village of Skirbaugh, in Holderness, the place of his birth. The pupils whose education he undertook were generally village boys, who were taught reading and writing, and some of the first rules of arithmetic, and were then sent from the school to the plough. Such an employment was far from profitable, but Mr. Bigland knew how to live upon little, and he continued to plod on from manhood to a maturer age without the hope of bettering his condition. Under these circumstances, and when

'Never heard of half a mile from home,'

he became an author, and published his first work in the year 1803. This was a 'Treatise on the Ascension,' a subject which had long occupied his attention, and originally composed, not with a view to publication, but for the purpose of combating his own scepticism, and establishing his faith by incontrovertible deductions. This done, he committed his reflections to the public, not with the vain hope of attaining literary honours, but of convincing others as he himself had been convinced. The success of this little volume, and the flattering commendations bestowed upon it, made the writer of more consequence both in his own estimation and the estimation of others; and he shortly afterwards published his 'Letters on Ancient and Modern History.' This second work of Bigland's was not only well received, but honoured with high and deserved approbation. His 'Letters on the Political Aspect of Europe,' succeeded; and from this time he became an author by profession." His subsequent productions are very voluminous, and have all been produced since the year 1803 by an obscure country schoolmaster, a man entirely unknown to the public until long after he had passed the meridian of life; and who, by industry and talent, has obtained a name and a rank amongst the literary characters of his country.

This little sketch reflects honour both upon the writer and his subject; and we rejoice to make ourselves a third party towards its public diffusion. At Sandbeck there is "a venerable oak tree, which may fairly be denominated the sylvan monarch of this fine domain, and well it merits the distinction. The pleasure we experienced on beholding this noble forester, was mingled with a feeling of regret that any mark or symptom of decay should be seen among its branches, some of which are nevertheless in a very flourishing condition, and may probably far outlive the present century. We reposed under the shade of the leafy canopy of this majestic tree, and were pleased with the many intermingling boughs and picturesque intersections by which it was formed. The bright rays of a clear noontide sun penetrated through here and there an inlet amongst the branches, and the deep shadow that rested on the ground beneath was chequered and diversified with lines of brilliant splendour, while over our heads a gnarled ramification, or a tuft of foliage, was touched with a stray sunbeam, that sparkled amidst the pervading gloom—

'Like a good deed in a naughty world.'

We measured the trunk of this forest monarch about two yards from the ground, and the girth was upwards of thirty-four feet. It is divided into six branches, each branch itself being a noble tree; and they spread their gigantic arms over a circumference of more than one hundred yards. As a picture, this ancient oak is every thing an artist can de-

sire. Its highly picturesque trunk—its many-twisted boughs—and its wide extended mass of leafy covering, from parts of which a few naked branches shoot,—form altogether a fine object either for contemplation or the pencil."

All the accounts about Conisbrough are peculiarly interesting.

"The village of Conisbrough, seated on an eminence—the tower of the church—the castle rising majestically over the tops of the trees by which it is environed, all opposed in one obscure mass to a clear western sky, filled with the glory of the setting sun, presented a scene as beautiful and as imposing as can possibly be imagined. The keep of the castle, with its immediate appendages, is a picturesque object, and the commanding situation it occupies, where it looks like the lord of the domain around, gives it an air of grandeur. Fourteen hundred years are said to have passed over this inland fortress since its first creation; yet it still survives, like the pyramids of Egypt, with its original form, but little altered by the lapse of ages.

"Conisbrough\* is a place of great antiquity: by the ancient Britons it was denominated *Caer Conan*, or *Town Royal*; and it is said to have had jurisdiction over twenty-eight subordinate towns. The name given to it by the Saxons had a similar import: they called it *Conan Burgh*, or *Royal Town*. That the eminence now occupied by the remains of the castle was the site of a royal fortress in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, appears to be indisputable. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth—a credulous historian, who lived in the reign of King Stephen, and who was fond of the fabulous, and therefore of doubtful authority—the Saxon monarch Hengist was, after a bloody battle, defeated by Aurelius Ambrosius in the year 487, and driven for refuge into the castle of Conisbrough. Two years afterwards, he again took the field, and hazarded a second contest with Ambrosius, but without success; the same adverse fate attended him. This historian adds, 'he was again beaten, taken prisoner, and brought into the castle; where a council being called to know what was to be done with Hengist, Eldad, bishop of Gloucester, thus addressed himself:—'Though all should consent to set him at liberty, yet I would cut him to pieces. Samuel the prophet is my authority; who when Agag, king of the Amalekites, was brought before him, told him, as his sword had made women childless, so should his mother be childless amongst women. Like the prophet, therefore, act you against Hengist, who is a second Agag.' Accordingly, Eldad, who was the bishop's brother, smote off the head of the royal prisoner, and King Aurelius commanded a hill to be raised over his body, by way of eminence.' Succeeding historians give credence and currency to this account;" but it nevertheless appears to be utterly unfounded. Not so the history of a jar, with which (passing from the ancient to the modern at but one step, as from the sublime to the ridiculous) we shall conclude these extracts.

At the Rockingham porcelain and earthenware works at Swinton, Mr. R. states, "Messrs. Bramhield and Co. had just finished a large specimen of porcelain ware of the finest quality and most exquisite workmanship. It is a scent-jar, forty-four inches high, and nearly one hundred pounds weight, exclusive of the cover, being all fired and completed in one

\* In the Sheffield Mercury is an intelligent letter reclaiming against the Ivanhoe reference to Athelstan as an inmate here; which Mr. Rhodes has received as true history.

entire piece. The base or plinth is triangular, with circular projections at the corners, from which three paws of the lion rise angularly, with curtains between them, to support the body of the jar, which is globular. The neck is beautifully perforated with hexagonal honey-comb openings for the perfume to escape.—Three rustic handles of knotted oak divide the jar into compartments; branches of oak in foliage, intermixed with acorns, rising from the plinth, spread tastefully over the curtains and lion's legs, and continue entwined with the handles to the neck, the base of which they encircle. The cover is ornamented with oak branches and foliage to correspond, the whole being surmounted by a beautiful model of the rhinoceros, or unicorn of holy writ. The three compartments into which the jar is divided are enriched with highly-finished paintings, by Mr. J. Bramheld, from the adventures of Don Quixotte. These comprise the knight's attack on the army of sheep—his meeting Dulcinea enchanted in the form of a country wench, and the dejected mood in which he travelled on with Sancho after the interview; all from designs by Stothard. The circular corners of the pedestal, and the cover, are adorned with six subjects of rare botanical plants, accurately drawn and coloured from the originals in the gardens at Wentworth; painted in compartments, on a delicate blue ground, intermixed with rich burnished and chased gold ornamental work. The whole of the foliage is burnished or chased gold, and the handles are tastefully formed, and relieved with gold."

We have only to add, that this Part I. is enriched with seven engravings of great beauty, and perfectly in keeping with its literary *matériel*. One of these is Rotherham, with its lofty steeple; three pertain to Roche Abbey, and the remaining three to Conisbrough. The volume cannot fail to be popular in its native country, and pleasing every where else.

#### Keppel's Journey from India.

[Third Notice.]

FROM Bagdad the route was taken to Kermanshah, and on the unsafe way: Captain K. relates—

"While we were at breakfast this morning, Mr. Wolff, a missionary, came in, having just arrived from Aleppo after a long and arduous journey across the Desert. Of this, his appearance bore ample testimony, as his complexion, naturally fair, had turned to a copper colour, from the scorching influence of the sun. He appeared to have encountered various difficulties and dangers, and seemed so overjoyed at again meeting with European faces, that he could scarce restrain his satisfaction within bounds. He gave us an interesting account of his journey through Mesopotamia, and of the various perils he had encountered on his road. At a short distance from Merdan he met with the Yezedees, an extraordinary sect, who entertain a sort of pious regard for the devil. On one occasion, being seated between two men, he asked one of them, who was a Christian, of what persuasion the other was? the person alluded to replied, that he belonged to a particular tribe, who neither bowed the head nor bent the knee in prayer. Mr. Wolff then asked him if he was not one of the worshippers of the devil? He replied, 'We worship nothing; but we never pronounce that name which you have just uttered.' We staid so short a time with Mr. Wolff, that we were unable to gain much information respecting this extraordinary people, who, he told us,

believed that the devil was a fallen angel, but that in the course of time he would again be received into divine favour. We were much interested in our new acquaintance, who, in the course of conversation, evinced an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and shewed such enthusiasm in the laborious and perilous office in which he is employed, that though we may not agree with him in the efficacy of his mission, few can help admiring his unaffected piety, and the sincerity of his religious zeal. Mr. Wolff is a native of Germany, and was in early life of the Jewish persuasion, from which he was converted to Catholicism, and became a member of the 'propaganda fide.' Living at Rome, he observed so many practices which he deemed inconsistent with his notions of Christianity, that he abjured popery, and published such an anathema against his holiness himself, that his friends, in regard for his safety, hurried him out of the holy city. His mission, when we saw him, was from the London Bible Society, to inquire into the religious state of the Jews in the East; and the result of his observations have since appeared in a periodical work entitled the 'Jewish Expositor.' It was his intention to have sent his journal home by us; but as our arrangements were made for departing in the course of the day, and we found that his baggage might be detained for some time, we were reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure of its perusal."

This person is now, we observe, in England (or Scotland), writing letters in various periodicals, which, we are afraid, demonstrate an intellect too highly touched by enthusiasm: if his journal is in existence, it is a thousand pities that some one does not procure its publication. Before they reached Kermanshah, our countrymen very narrowly escaped being assassinated by a troop of Coords of the Calor tribe; who watched, happily in vain, several days and nights, for an opportunity to attack, plunder, and, if resisted, murder the travellers. They, however, by being on their guard and putting on a good front, arrived at Kermanshah in safety. Here they witnessed the funeral described in our first notice; and here they met with two French officers, in the service of the prince, to whose conduct we also alluded in the same paper. And it affords us a very sincere pleasure to quote what Captain Keppel says respecting these brave and honourable men: the following are extracts:

"The French officers are equally enthusiastic with the Coords in praise of their late commander; his daring spirit appearing to have found a congenial feeling in men whose love of military adventure has made war the highest enjoyment of life. In 1814, when the reverses of Napoleon appeared to have completely closed the prospects of a soldier in Europe, they sought and found in the troubled regions of the East an ample field for the gratification of their darling passion. As mention has been incidentally made of the pursuits of these officers, it may not be amiss to state a fact perhaps not generally known, that a number of military men, of different nations of Europe, are at this moment wandering over Asia, offering their services to the Asiatic princes. Seven or eight European officers were at one time employed in this remote province (Kermanshah), the greater part of whom are now dispersed over the East. To what point they have shaped their course, Messrs. Court and De Veaux could give us no account, though of themselves, their past history, and their future prospects, they scrupled not to talk in the most unreserved manner. They had at

one time, they said, intended to have gone up the Indus, for the purpose of offering their services to an Indian prince, who, they understood, wanted European officers to conduct his forces against the English; but they had been induced to abandon their design on hearing of the great impediments likely to be thrown in their way by our Indian government. Among other anecdotes, our hosts related one respecting the late prince and our Bagdad acquaintance Gaspar Khan, which may be worth inserting, as it serves to illustrate a mode of punishment common at Kermanshah—of burying a man alive, with his head downwards, and his legs in the air. A short time ago, Gaspar Khan, who is employed by the king in commercial transactions, was passing from the court of Persia through Kermanshah, where he was received with much civility by Mohumud Ali Meerza, who took him round one of his gardens. In the course of the walk, his highness asked Gaspar if the garden was not deficient in something. The Khan, as in duty bound, replied, that the garden was quite perfect, and required no addition. Mohumud Ali replied, 'Yes, there is a tree that I have long wanted; it is called Gaspar Khan, and it shall be planted immediately.' Then changing his tone, he said, 'You have been prejudicing the king's mind against me, so prepare for instant death.' The Khan begged hard for life, which the fear of ill-treating a king's agent most probably induced him to grant."

A misunderstanding happened to arise between Messrs. Court and De Veaux, and a challenge ensued, while the English travellers were at Kermanshah; but in spite of the malevolent efforts of a Señor Oms, (a Spaniard also in the prince's employment,) they succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the irritated friends, and departed for Hamadan. The farewell is thus spoken of:

"Having sent forward our servants and baggage two hours before us, we stayed to breakfast with our kind European friends, who accompanied us half-way on our day's march. We cannot speak in too high terms of the kindness and hospitality we experienced from these officers. During our stay at Kermanshah, every wish had been anticipated, and for the time we remained under their roof, they seemed to have forgotten their own pursuits, and to have studied only what would be most conducive to our interests and comforts."

This gratifying testimony to French liberality and hospitality in a distant land, forms a delightful contrast to too many stories which have been told of an opposite nature: and we trust that both the French and English press will be prone to record circumstances so honourable to individual and national character. At Hamadan (Ecbatana), after traversing a hazardous route, our party were well received by the prince and vizier: thence Messrs. Hart and Lamb took the mountains of Coordistan as their way to Tabriz, while Mr. Hamilton and our author proceeded by Teheran in order to see the Persian court. From this portion of the journal we offer a few selections; the first, a just and handsome eulogy on a gallant Scottish officer. Mentioning the prince's physician, Captain K. says: "but what pleased us most, was the honourable mention he made of Sir John Malcolm, with whom he appears to have been well acquainted; and our national vanity was much gratified by the admiration he professed for our highly-gifted countryman. Perhaps no man ever employed on a foreign mission has done more to exalt the character of his country than has

this distinguished individual. The name of Malcolm is familiar to every one in the countries through which he has travelled, and all persons express the same unbounded respect for his talents and character; his name, indeed, secures kindness for his countrymen throughout Persia."

"We had" (adds the author, a few pages further on,) "a curious proof this morning of the respect in which the English character is held in this country. Mr. Lamb, wishing to draw a bill upon Bagdad for the sum of one hundred toman, for our common expenditure, sent a servant into the town to know whether any of the shraufs (merchants) would be willing to give him money for it. After a short time, a miserable half-starved-looking wretch made his appearance, and said he should be willing to advance us any sum we might require: at first we were inclined to laugh at his proposal, thinking, from his appearance and garb, that he was more like an object of charity than a lender of money. He soon undeceived us; for disencumbering himself of a few of his rags, he unstrapped from his body a black leathern belt, and having cut it open, counted out the hundred toman in gold. Mr. Lamb wrote a draft, in English, upon a merchant in Bagdad, which this man took in lieu of his money, contenting himself with merely asking the name of the merchant on whom the bill was drawn, and declaring himself to be the party obliged; 'for,' said he, 'if I am robbed, I shall at least be spared this piece of paper.' While we were wondering both at his ability to serve us, and his confidence in our honesty (for we could easily have deceived him), he said he had had too many proofs of English probity to entertain any alarm on that head. 'The *Feringhees* (Franks) are not so worthy of being trusted, but the *Ingrees* (Englishmen) have never been known to deceive.' This circumstance reflects not a little on the general good conduct of our countrymen in Persia; for in this, as well as in many other examples, it might be shewn that it is to Englishmen only that this confidence is extended. Of the *Feringhees*, as it is their custom to distinguish other Europeans from us the *Ingrees*, they are as distrustful as they are of each other. Why we should have so excellent a character, I know not, though I have heard it somewhat oddly accounted for. It is said, that some time ago, an American vessel, in a trading voyage up the Red Sea, bought a considerable quantity of coffee, and paid for it in Spanish dollars, but the ship had not long sailed, when it was discovered that the money was counterfeit, and the merchants, in their indignation, vowed they would have no dealings with the English, for (as these sailors spoke our language) such they supposed them to be. Some one said that they were not English, but *Feringhee dooneaine noo*, 'Franks of the New World,' by which name the Americans are designated in these countries. As the mart where this transaction occurred was on the road to Mecca, the story rapidly spread, and numerous pilgrims on their return home were of course glad to promulgate any story detrimental to the Christian character. It is not to be supposed that our countrymen are always immaculate; but now, if an Englishman misbehaves, he is not designated a native of England, but a 'Frank of the New World.' This is rather hard upon Brother Jonathan."

At Teheran there was a royal audience; but as this ceremony has been frequently described in our pages, we shall, in preference to the repetition, quote what is said on the subject of Persian flowers:

"Notwithstanding their poetic admiration of flowers, the Persians treat them with much neglect; still there are many which are beautiful and well worthy of notice. I am no botanist, so I must content myself with mentioning those which attracted my attention. The most remarkable in appearance is a large rose-tree, called the *Nasteraun*; it grows to the height of twenty feet; the trunk is nearly two feet in circumference; the flower, though larger, resembles the English hedge-rose, and has five leaves; the calix is in the form of a bell. The leaf of the tree is small, smooth, and shining. The branches droop gracefully to the ground, and the flowers are so abundant as completely to conceal the stem of the tree. Numbers of this species are to be seen in every garden in Teheraun. The next is the *Durukhti ubri-shoom*, a species of *Mimosa*, resembling the *Arborea* of that genus. It droops like the willow; the flower has silky fibres, of a delicate pink colour, and would resemble a swans-down puff, tinged with rouge. It sends forth a most fragrant perfume, and its name, 'Duru-khti ubri-shoom,' the silk-tree, bespeaks its appearance. This flower thrives in Teheraun in the open air, the thermometer ranging between 16° and 110° Fahrenheit: but it does not succeed so well at Tabriz, where the temperature is colder and more variable. It grows wild in the forests bordering on the Caspian Sea. There is one in the garden of the Prince Royal at Tabriz, and another in possession of the English officers resident there, who are obliged to protect it from the winter cold. The *Zunjeed* is also a species of willow. The leaves are of a silvery hue, and the flowers, which are of a deep scarlet, send forth a most delicious perfume. When in blossom, the *Zunjeed* is viewed with a jealous eye by the Persians, from the belief that it has a strong tendency to excite the passions of the females. The Persian who was describing the curious properties of this tree, told me that twelve fursings north of Teheraun, the men look up their women while the flower is in blow."

Whether the gallant captain intended these as hints for the Horticultural Society, we know not; they are certainly deserving of Mr. Sabine's consideration.

At Tabriz the travelling party re-united, but our enterprising author thence chose a new route for himself, quitting the Persian for the Russian territory, and, as he states—

"Crossing the river Arras, the *Araxes* of Plutarch. Between this river and the *Kur* (the ancient *Cyrus* or *Cyrnus*) is the beautiful province of *Karabagh*, formerly the country of the *Sace* or *Sacaceni*, a warlike tribe of *Scythians* mentioned by *Pliny* and *Strabo*, and supposed to be the same people as our early ancestors the *Saxons*. On quitting *Karabagh*, I proceeded eastward through the province of *Shirvan*, the *Albania* of the ancients, the scene of many of the actions of *Cyrus*, and subsequently of *Pompey the Great*. The capital of this country is *Nova Shumakhia*, through which I passed on my road to *Bakoo*, a seaport town in the same province on the western shore of the *Caspian*, the *Caspian* sea of *Scripture* history. Hence I went north along the sea-shore through *Daghestan*, or 'Region of Mountains,' which name sufficiently denotes its character. *Daghestan* includes the states of *Lezguistan*, *Shamkhaul*, *Durbund*, and *Tabaseran*. The most important of these divisions is *Lezguistan*, a country inhabited by the most warlike tribe of *Mount Caucasus*, and which, till within these few years, was considered invincible. From *Daghestan* I passed through

the province of *Kumuk* to *Astrakhan*, and entered Europe at the Russian town of *Sa-riztin*."

In ten days from *Tabriz*, enduring every hardship with a sort of free delight, we find *Capt. K.* among the cane-hutted Tartars at *Berda*.

"While at breakfast, the *Mollah* of the village paid me a visit, and conversed with me in Persian. Hearing that I came from *India*, he was particularly anxious to know any accounts relative to the *Afghans*, who, he had heard, were the most warlike people of *Hindoo-stan*, with whom his tribe boasted a common origin. In my journey through the province of *Shirvan* and the adjoining countries, questions respecting that nation were frequently asked me by the natives, and are worthy of remark, as they agree with the commonly received opinion that a colony from ancient *Albania* (*Shirvan*) forms that tribe of *Indian Tartars* known by the name of the *Afghans*. Amongst my notes I find the following extract from a book, but do not at this moment recollect the name of the author:—'The present *Shirvan* is the country of the ancient *Albanians*, conquered by *Pompey*; they are likewise called *Alanians*; and the *Armenians*, who never pronounce the letter *L*, who say *Ghouka* for *Luka*, and *Ighia* for *Ilia*, have called them *Aghouani*. These ancient *Albanians* have given up their country to the *Turks*, by whom it is now occupied, and have very probably formed the nation of the *Afghans*, whom the *Armenians* acknowledge as their brethren, though their languages are now different, which may easily happen, and on which subject I think I have treated in my *Primitive History*.' The ruins at *Berda* are said to be very ancient; by some thought to be those of a city of *Amazons*, who, according to history, once inhabited this country; but while the existence of these female warriors is a matter of doubt, the site of one of their cities does not deserve much notice; nor indeed does the appearance of these ruins justify the assignment of an earlier date than the beginning of the *Mahometan* era. A dilapidated wall, running north and south, can be traced for upwards of a quarter of a mile. At the end of this, enclosed in a quadrangular fort, is a ruined mosque of glazed tiles, like that at *Bagdad*, attributed to *Caliph Alraschid*. Near the mosque I was shewn some mounds, which were called the remains of fire-temples; and a little further on was the tomb of a near relation of *Mahomet*, before which my guides fell on their faces, and remained prostrate for nearly a minute. The person here buried is said to have been the grand-niece of the prophet, which, if true, would give to these ruins as remote a date as a thousand years. We quitted *Berda* at eleven, and passed through a continuation of the forest. The game that I saw on this march is incredible: partridges were getting up every moment almost under the horses' feet, and hares literally galloped in droves before us along the road.

"A traveller who is a sportsman, and not pressed for time, would find many modes of dissipating the tedium of his journey, as game of every description is most abundant, and, as I was told at *Tabriz*, the trout-fishing here is unequalled in any part of the world."

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Present State of Colombia, &c. &c.* By an Officer, late in the Colombian Service. 8vo. pp. 336. London, 1827. J. Murray.

In this publication we find very little with



which we were not previously familiar; and even its merit, as the most recent work on the subject, is deteriorated by the great changes in the country, of a date still more recent than its own. It is, however, pretty well put together, and, with a map, conveys a fair view of the state of Colombia some twelve months ago. The writer is evidently very favourable to Bolivar and his government.

*Reports relating to the Failure of the Rio Plata Mining Association, &c.* By Capt. F. B. Head. 8vo. pp. 223. London, 1827. J. Murray.

In Captain Head's popular volume on the Pampas he touched on this sore subject; to which, in the present work, he has returned more at length. The bubble of the Rio Plata Mining, though respectably supported, burst like most of the others of the same period; and, as is common on such occasions, every party concerned threw the blame on others. Capt. H., in exposing the whole matter, appears to us to justify himself from every charge; and his book, besides, reads a useful lesson touching directors, agents, and South American functionaries.

*Truckleborough Hall; a Novel.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

By drawing the portraits of a nobleman in possession of the patronage of a borough containing some fifty electors,—his son, one of the members,—Mr. Turnstile, a convenient politician,—and Citizen North, one rather more stern and uncompromising,—the author of this work has endeavoured to lash the system, and expose the motives which influence mankind. There are also ladies in the case, and other characters; but, as we dislike politics on any occasion, we shall not be tempted into their sphere even by a novel; and we abandon *Truckleborough Hall* to the occupation of those who are interested in pictures of contested elections, speeches, trials for treason, public dinners, and private intrigues.

*Select Specimens of English Poetry*, pp. 619.—*Select Specimens of English Prose*, pp. 615. *From the Reign of Queen Elizabeth to the Present Time, &c.* By George Walker, M.A., &c. 12mo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THESE are at once cheap, convenient, and excellent compilations: each a little library. The selections are made with good judgment in both volumes; and whether for the relaxation of age, or the delight and instruction of youth, we know no superior productions of the kind. The introductions are ably written; and the whole publication does equal credit to the editor and to the British press which has furnished such a mass of agreeable and useful reading at so small an expense. The poets quoted are twenty-four in number, commencing with Spencer, and ending with Moore; and the prose authors make a like muster, beginning with Sidney, and finishing with Burke.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 27th January.

"ALL the world" has heard of Prince Talleyrand being attacked, and knocked down, and kicked, by M. de Maubreuil; and the public expected a famous dish of scandal, as it was generally understood that Maubreuil only committed the assault in order to be tried for it, that he might, in his defence, unravel the

mysteries of his "high mission," justify the robbery of the diamonds of the Queen of Westphalia, and the non-execution of the other part of his business, for which, the police, the army, French, Russian, and Austrian, &c., and the post-masters, received positive orders to obey him in every thing.

It seems public curiosity will be again defeated; as M. de Talleyrand, recollecting that he was once a bishop, and that the pardon of offences is enjoined by religion, wishes not to prosecute. He says his honour was not compromised by the blow; which reminds us of one of Scarron's heroes, who makes a nice distinction between a blow and a slap in the face, and decides that a blow is not an insult, but that a slap is a great one, as it is a proof of contempt. On this system, had M. de T. received a slap, his honour would have been compromised; but even then, charity would cover a multitude of sins.

M. Villemain, who was dismissed from his office, has found a grand consolation in the feeling of his fellow-citizens. £4000 were subscribed in twenty-four hours, for the purchase of the first work he should publish. It was known that he was employed on the life of Pope Gregory VII., surnamed the Great. M. Firmin Didot has purchased it at the rate of £400 for every thousand copies subscribed, though the work is to form but two volumes, and to be sold at twelve shillings, thus leaving only three shillings and ninepence for the paper and printing; and then, there is the thirteenth copy and the bookseller's profits, which will swallow up the whole. It is a noble example of generosity in favour of learning.

As to the project of law on the press, it is assailed on all sides, and in every way, by every party; how it will come out of this terrible ordeal, time will soon shew. There can be little doubt of its total rejection by the Chamber of Peers. A new law was necessary, but one adapted to circumstances, and not one destructive of the press itself.

The opera here seems to be in the same state as in England. M. Rossini was placed at the head of it. He composed good music, but there every thing good ended; the composition of the actors, or *corps dramatique*, was bad; and during his short reign, £20,000 debt has been contracted, which falls upon the government. M. Paer is now at the head of it—he is the hope and sheet anchor of the *dilettanti*.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree! The Doctors Itard and Deleau have waged *bellum ad internecionem*. Dr. D. pretends he can make the deaf hear and the dumb speak, without a miracle. His adversary denies the fact: long, very long, and even angry letters inundate the public; which remind us of the quarrels of Doctors Rock and Frank, immortalised by Goldsmith.

Madame Amable Tastu has in the press a new work, which is looked for with impatience—*Chroniques de France*. I believe her plan is to take an interesting episode from each epocha, in order to paint the manners of the time.

Mademoiselle Delphine Gay has published a beautiful volume of poems; she inherits all the wit and spirit of her mother, who has written two or three of the most charming novels in the French language. Mademoiselle G. has much of the manner of her mother, in painting with a single touch the object she describes. She says of our Alfred,

"Ce roi qui de l'Anglais devinant la fierté,  
A ses sujets pour loi donna la liberté."

Her work abounds with happy images in the same style. She is, we believe, the god-

daughter of Madame de Stael, and named after that lady's novel *Delphine*.

The Earl of Bridgewater has printed, for private friends, a Collection of Family Anecdotes, some of them very curious. I shall make a selection of them for a future Number of the *L. G.*—M. Alexandre, the ventriloquist, has appeared at the Porte St. Martin, and drawn crowded houses. He has proved that Proteus is no longer a fable. He exhibited before Lord Bridgewater the other evening, who rewarded him with his usual munificence.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### NUMISMATICS.

THE Royal Cabinet of Medals has lately received a valuable accession by the favour of the king, and the zeal of his majesty's ambassador at Constantinople, in a number of antique (chiefly Greek) coins, purchased by his Excellency in the capital of the Turkish empire. Among them are some of extreme rarity; for instance, one of *Evagoras*, King of Cyprus, of which only one specimen has hitherto been known: others, which are wholly unknown; for instance, a medallion of *Ismene*,\* and two coins of Egyptian Nomes. In the course of last year, a similar remittance was sent, and a third is shortly expected. In this manner we may hope that the Royal Cabinet, which is already very considerable, will, in time, be among the finest collections of the kind in Europe.—*Hague, Jan. 24th.*

##### NEW INVENTION.

A DR. ZIMMERMAN has lately invented a contrivance which, if it should answer the character given of it in the German journals, will prove highly interesting and important. It is a method, by the application of which to fire-arms, they cannot by any possibility go off, either by accident or carelessness, or in any way without the positive will of the person using them: at the same time, it does not impede or delay, for an instant, the use of the arm when required to act. The inventor, we understand, has obtained a patent in some of the German states, and has applied to others for the same advantage; and the details of his invention are, of course, withheld till he has secured himself against injury from imitations.

##### LAWS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

M. GALLINI, of Padua, has published a treatise on this difficult and interesting subject, in which he conceives that he establishes, 1. that the forces inherent in the solid parts of living bodies are particular and sufficiently understood modifications of the general forces of nature; 2. that the actions of these forces, which are the vital actions, regulate the changes to which the animal fluids are subject, whether in virtue of the impulses they receive, or in virtue of the affinity which their elements exercise among themselves; 3. that the influence of the soul on the body consists only in the greater or less attention which it gives to the actions of the solid bodies, and especially to the actions of the fibres of the brain. M. Gallini thinks (and no doubt with great justice), that the study of comparative anatomy is the best means of arriving at demonstration on these points.

\* Who this is, we cannot inform our readers: the name is, as we have given it, in several continental languages.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

# LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THIS Society has just made its first appearance in print, by publishing half a volume of its Transactions; and as considerable public interest is attached to such a work, we take a late minute to mention its contents. After the charter, list of members, constitution, &c. &c., there are, an important historical paper relative to Henry V., by Mr. Granville Penn; several curious papers on the origin and affinities of Languages, by Mr. Sharon Turner; observations on the Euphrates, by Sir W. Ouseley; account of Palimpsest Manuscripts, by Archdeacon Nares; a MS. by Sir J. Harrington, communicated by the Rev. H. J. Todd, throwing much light on the period of Elizabeth and James I.; on a remarkable Coin of Metapontum, by Mr. Millingen; on Coins of Thesaly, by Colonel Leake; Codex of biblical and classical Greek MSS., by Mr. Todd; a political-economical Essay, by Mr. Malthus; Edict of Dioclesian, fixing Prices of Articles throughout the Roman Empire, Colonel Leake; and a very interesting Essay, with above twenty plates, on rare Egyptian monuments and inscriptions, by the same gentleman and the Right Hon. C. Yorke. The bare enumeration of the subjects, and of the names of the learned and eminent persons who have discussed them, is enough to vouch for this Part of their Transactions being worthy of a Society established by the King, and conducted on the most liberal literary principles.

## PERTH: LITERATURE IN THE NORTH.

WE observe from a Minute published by the Council of Management of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth, that this provincial institution is vying with the foremost in promoting the cultivation of Letters.

A volume of the Transactions, including some curious MSS. in the possession of the Society, is about to be published by subscription, under the auspices of Lord Kinnoull, the president; and among the rest, we cannot but notice the following interesting articles mentioned in the prospectus.

A Scottish Chronicle in MS., never printed—(the present copy supposed to be in the author's hand writing)—entitled "The History of Scottish Affairs. Divided into several parts, and continued from the year of our Lord 1560 (at which time Mr. Buchanan began to write his chronicle), and continued further to the current year.

"Albeit until the year 1685, it is but briefly only run over both in Civil and Ecclesiastical affairs; for that the history of that time is more largely set down by many several writers: but afterwards, during the reign of Charles the First, &c. it is more plentifully handled and explained. Wherein, by the way, several affairs, not only of all Britain and Ireland, but also of foreign nations and countries are not a little touched.

"By the continual and successive description of achievements allways as they fell out; and now digested into one volume by ye impartial labour and faithful study and diligence of Mr. Ja. Wilson, burger of Drumfric. Began the Calends of May 1684."

Scotland's Tears, a Poem, by Wm. Lithgow, the celebrated Traveller. From the MS. in the possession of the Society, in the Author's own hand-writing—never published.

And, "The buke of four scoirethre questions, teaching doctrine, colour and maneris, propound to ye precheours of ye Protestants in Scotland, be ye Catholicks of ye inferior ordour of clergie and layt men yair, cruelie afflictit and disperit, be persuation of ye saidis intrust precheours. Set furth be Niniane Winzet, a Catholick Priest, at the deyre of his faithfull afflictit breithir, and deliverit to John Knox ye xx of Februar or yairby, in ye zere of the blidit birch of our Saviour 1668."

This very curious book was printed at Antwerp in 1563, and as no copy is known to be extant, excepting this in the possession of the Society, it will form an interesting addition to the volume. At the end of his book, Winzet (or Wingate) says, "To John Knox. It apperis to me, Brother, yat ze half sum grete impediment quhareby ze are stoppit, to keep promise teaching zour answering to yis our tractate, eftir ze lang aduercement. Gif ze perseve yis our fall: quid tardis converti ad Dominum. Bot gif my handwrit peradventur has nochte been sa legible as ze

wald: pleis resave fra yis beirar, ye samin mater now mair legible. Gif ze throw curiositie of novatounis hes forset our auld plane Scottis, quhillk zour mother leirit zou: in tymes coming I sall wryte to zoi mynd in Latin: for I am nocht acquyntit with zour Southeroun," &c.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THAT the Fine Arts are in a state of improvement, no one, who is not biased by prejudice or warped by opinion, will, we trust, deny; and if in the higher department of painting, specimens are but few, it is owing to the national taste for subjects of a different kind, and not to the want of talent and ability in our native artists. In that class to which public attention appears principally directed, and which possesses far more of the Flemish than of the Italian school, examples of a superior order abound in the present exhibition:—pictures which, even in the state in which they now appear, might, as before observed, pass as contemporary art with those recently exhibited from His Majesty's collection. We notice two, eminently distinguished for the way in which the work of time appears to have been anticipated.—No. 141. *A Negro's Head*. John Jackson, R.A.; and No. 142. *Children Dancers in a Dutch Ballet, a Sketch*. G. S. Newton.

Other performances, equal in merit, may, when their freshness has gone off, vie with the best masters of the class to which they belong.

No. 107. *Dutch Boats off the Mouth of the Seine, Havre de Grace in the distance*; and No. 122. *Scene on the Coast of Normandy*. C. Stanfield.—Our admiration of this artist's talents has ever been warmly and sincerely expressed, ere he reached the climax at which he has now arrived. Of the present performances we think there can be but one opinion: the motion, transparency, and rush of wave, have never been better expressed, either by Van der Velde or any other master. To this excellence of representation is added a careful execution, retaining, along with its finish, the spirit of the pencil: nor is the management of the sky and atmosphere less worthy of applause.

No. 114. *A Holy Family*; the design from a bas-relief by Michael Angelo, in the possession of Sir Geo. Beaumont.—Mrs. Carpenter has rendered the design of this great master subservient to her own beautiful pencil, and given (what in the original perhaps is severe and masculine) a grace and beauty, which must be generally felt to be of universal interest; while the taste and skill with which she has performed her task will be equally acknowledged by every one conversant with the practice of art.

No. 24. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.—We have ever considered the genius of this artist to be purely historical, and his style calculated to meet the grave and deep tones which works of that kind mostly demand. Most of his productions have been of a nature where the darker passions required to be expressed; and in all these we found colouring suitable to that expression. The fault of his compositions has been generally that of filling his canvass too much with his figures—not allowing space for action. In the present very beautiful and striking painting there is no such fault. The whole is properly varied, and the colouring is of a description not only to attract by the richness of its tints, but to delight by the skill and harmony which prevail in it throughout. The contour and look of the female is what it should be, arch and coquettish, yet playful and pleasing; and though we do not rank the deceptive in art as a very

high quality, it is impossible to pass it over in this performance: we have seen other representations of satin more laboured, but none in effect more just.

*The Rivals*; from Mr. Leslie's picture. Drawn on Stone by R. J. Lane; printed by Hulmandel.

*The Orphans*; from a Sketch by Gainsborough. The same.

*Liston as a Broom Girl*. Designed and drawn by Lane, and also printed by Hulmandel: the three published by J. Dickinson.

THESE various specimens of lithography deserve attention, from the various points of view in which they place that art, of which Mr. Lane is unquestionably one of the ablest professors that this country has produced. We had previously seen and admired some of his delightful transcripts from the pencil of his near relative, the accomplished painter, Gainsborough; and were charmed, as every one must be, with the happy manner in which all the characteristics of the originals were preserved in these multiplications of their features. Intending, however, almost immediately, to take a more extended notice of the state of lithographic prints in England, we shall at present only state, that these three productions place them on a very striking position and in a high scale. The first is like a fine mezzotint mixed with stipple, and conveys a correct idea of the *Rivals*: the second is sweetly expressive of Orphan beauty and sorrow; and though we cannot say the same of the third, we will say that it is a very clever specimen of clearness and finish by the process of lithography. Much of this merit, of course, belongs to Mr. Hulmandel, who has, in this apparently slight piece, overcome, to our eye, the chief difficulties in the art.

*The Duke of York's Speech*, on presenting a petition against the Roman Catholic claims, April 25, 1825. Published by T. Griffiths—is a beautiful example of writing and engraving, by Alfred Adlard.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A MONARCH'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

AWAY! I will not hear of hope,  
Never again know joy;  
Thou wert the bright gem of my crown,  
My noble, gallant boy!  
Thy plume waved foremost on the field,  
Thine arm the bravest led:  
Oh heart, the bitter pang to say,  
My son, my son is dead!  
I deemed that would'st have wept my death—  
I dreamt not of this doom,  
That all thy beauty and thy youth  
Were for the silent tomb!  
Methought to see thee by my side,  
When these few hairs were gray;  
I reck'd not death could be for thee  
In thy spring's glorious day.  
I left thee in the pride of health,  
Thy locks of ebony night  
Clouding around thy graceful head,  
Thy brow, and eyes of light:  
I felt the joy a father feels  
As 'fore my gaze thou past:—  
My son!—and am I then so curst—  
Was that short look my last!  
Never: my sword shall not be drawn  
For conquest or renown:—  
Why mock me with this show of power?—  
Take hence that bauble crown!

Or bid the dark earth yield its prey,  
Give back the young and brave:—  
Oh! heard'st thou, Heaven, his dying cry?  
Heard'st thou? yet would'st not save!

There is a darkness in my soul,  
On which no light may shine;  
A deep, immedicable grief,  
Which ne'er can know decline.  
Day follows day, yet brings no change  
To this distracted breast:—  
Oh when will my worn spirit flee?  
When will my woes find rest?

Jan. 22, 1827.

C. S.—N.

## OCEAN.

OCEAN! I remember well  
How my young heart sank in awe,  
When thy billows' mighty swell  
I with childish wonder saw.

Little then my spirit dreamt  
Of the tempest's raging shocks:  
Still I marvel'd who would tempt  
Depths unknown, and hidden rocks.

Yet 'twas on a tranquil night,  
First thy pebbled shore I prest,  
And the pale moon's placid light  
Slumber'd on thy heaving breast.

Though upon my listening ear  
Gently came thy murmuring voice,  
Felt I still too much of fear,  
In its soft sound to rejoice.

Only one joy then I proved,  
Thinking each dear friend was found,  
In the land so well belov'd,  
Cirled by thy watery bound.

Ocean! can I love thee now,  
More than in my childhood's day,  
When thy dark tide's ceaseless flow  
Has borne those friends far, far away?

Jan. 13th.

Rosa.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## Traditions of the Western Highlands.

## NO. IX.—MACDONELL'S MESSENGER.

DURING the proscription of the last John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, letters of fire and sword were granted to the Gordons, the Mackays, and the Mackenzies, against the clan Donald. The lands of the denounced race were in consequence overrun by these families, and not a small part became a prey to the Mackenzies. No charter or transfer, however, conveyed them in right from their former to their latter masters; but each, as he might, held what he had obtained by the strong hand. In the reign of Charles the Second, Lord Macdonell, and Aross, chief of the clan Donald, sent a formal summons to the Earl of Seaforth to surrender to him some part of the conquered lands; and in case of his refusal, he desired him to name a day and place on which to meet him with his clan in arms, and decide their dispute by the claymore and the dirk.

The bearer of a message such as this, was always a man chosen from the clan for his circumspection, fidelity, and understanding; one who could not only be trusted to fulfil his charge with diligence, but who could be relied on to remark every circumstance which attended the execution of his mission, and to gather every practicable information in the castle, and among the people of the hostile chief. These qualifications were displayed in an eminent degree by the man who in the present instance was the bearer of the letter

from Macdonell to Seaforth. He performed his journey with singular despatch, and at his return gave to his chief the following account of his audience with the Earl.

"As I was passing up the stairs of the castle, I overtook a man in Sleat hose,\* and who, from his appearance of travel, I also judged to be the bearer of some letter or message to Mac Choinich (Seaforth). I did not think any man's messenger had a right to go before my chief's, and I sprung before him, and entered first the room of the Earl of Seaforth, and delivered my letter before the Macdonald man appeared. I observed that when Mac Choinich read the letter, he looked extremely sad, frowned, and bit his lips, as if in great perplexity. After having read it himself, he handed it round to those who were with him; and all, as they read it, shewed the same agitation. Shortly after, the man in the Sleat hose was brought in, and also delivered a letter to the Lord Seaforth. When the chief read it, the sadness of his countenance wore away, he smiled, and a sneer seemed upon his lips. He gave the paper to the rest, and as they read it they also smiled, and appeared to recover cheerfulness. I wished very much to know why the letter of my chief made them all look sorrowful, and that of the man in the Sleat hose made them laugh; and I thought if you could see it, it might make you laugh also: for this reason I wished to get possession of it. Whilst the Mackenzies were drinking, the letter happened to fall from the table near where I stood; and waiting an opportunity, I got it under the point of my sword and drew it under my foot, and whilst every body was employed in drinking and consulting, I picked it up and put it in my plaid. Shortly afterwards I was dismissed; and here is the paper."

When Lord Macdonell had read the letter, he found it to be from Macdonald of Sleat, son-in-law to Seaforth. The purport of the epistle was to inform the latter of the proposed demand of the old lands of the Macdonells to be made by the Lord of Aross, and also to encourage Seaforth to hold no fear of the threats of hostility which might be used, assuring him that Sleat would assist him with all his power, though it was against his own blood. Encouraged by this promise of support, Lord Seaforth had returned an evasive reply to the demands of Lord Macdonell, and proposed an amicable meeting, to discuss and adjust the disputed claims. Lord Macdonell, however, was determined on unequivocal restitution, and prepared forthwith to carry fire and sword into the country of the Earl of Seaforth. But in the mean time, the latter, unwilling to abide that mode of balancing differences, made application to Lord Lauderdale, (then the man in power, and the mutual friend of himself and Macdonell,) and requested him, by some appointment or otherwise, to draw his adversary to court, in order to divert him from the feud. Lauderdale complied with the views of his friend, and immediately sent an express into Scotland to inform Lord Macdonell that his majesty had been pleased to appoint him to a place about his person, and desired him to come immediately to court. Lord Macdonell, as soon as he received this letter, exclaimed, "By G— this is Seaforth!" and his first impulse was to disregard his appointment, and pursue his hostilities against the Mackenzies at the risk of the king's displeasure. However, his friends and cooler consideration prevailed with him, and he set off for the court. In London he

\* Hose of the pattern worn by the inhabitants of Sleat in Skye.

was detained by Lauderdale for some time, and finally, by the mediation of friends, was induced to marry his son to the Earl of Seaforth's daughter. By this means the disputed lands again returned into the possession of the Macdonells.

## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini is to be revived this evening. This opera is held, by the connoisseurs, to be second only to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of the same master, and it has always been a great favourite here; partly on account of the grace, the unceasing vivacity, and the melodious character of the music, and partly on account of the fable of the plot, which, in another shape, as the *Maid and Magpie*, has been in a manner naturalised among us. It is, however, no easy matter to collect a body of performers and singers capable of doing it justice; and hence it has not been much performed lately. Its present revival is attended by many advantages: it will introduce to the notice of the English public a young lady, Mademoiselle Fanny Ayton, who has performed for four or five years, with great applause, on the continent, particularly at the theatre La Fenice at Venice; Madame Vestris resumes the part in which she was formerly very popular; and Zuchelli will contribute his fine voice and science.

We were present on Thursday at a rehearsal of this opera. Miss Ayton performs the part of the heroine; and from what we heard of her in this slipshod way, she appears fully competent to sustain the part, both as regards vocal and dramatic qualifications. Her figure is small, but the expression of her countenance is characterised by much meaning and variety. Her organ is not distinguished by strength, though it has considerable compass, and, what is better, delicious sweetness (which, after all, is the most attractive quality in the female voice), added to purity of intonation, great flexibility, and neatness of execution. She bids fair to become a universal favourite.

The other parts of the opera will be sustained by Madame Vestris, Curioni, De Begnis, and Zuchelli; so that, at all events, the music will be executed competently. It is not a little singular that three of the performers in this Italian opera (Miss Ayton, Madame Vestris, and Zuchelli) should be of English birth.

Madame Sontag, about whom so many romantic stories have been told, is at length engaged for this theatre. Another lady of great continental fame (Madame Brizzi) is also expected.

## DRURY LANE.

THE long-promised opera of *Englishmen in India* was performed for the first time on Saturday, and with complete success. The plot, which is a happy combination of the "grave" and "gay," is exceedingly well laid. The serious portion of the business arises out of the affection of a *Colonel Oswald* for an Indian maid, who has been intrusted to his care in her infancy; and the comic scenes turn principally upon the loves of *Tom Tape* and *Sally Scraggs*; the former an adventurous tailor, who thinks himself cut out for the stage, and the latter a young lady equally addicted to theatricals, whether public or private, and who, with *Sir Matthew* and *Lady Scraggs*, also two very entertaining persons, are involved in some ingenious and laughable dilemmas. The dialogue is altogether very



fairly written; but as we have another sort of paper to add to this critique on the opera as performed, we shall say nothing farther of its characteristics. The songs are deficient in poetical ability; and the music, with the exception of a sea song, which is given by Bedford, and the finale to the second act, will add nothing to, but rather, we should fear, will detract something from, Mr. Bishop's hitherto acknowledged reputation. It is in general a mere repetition, and that but a weak one, of what he has in many places previously done. The performers are well suited to the characters they figure in; and there appeared to be no want of zeal or exertion on the part of any of the persons employed in the representation. Dowton, though occasionally perhaps a little too coarse, portrayed with much humour the vulgarity and jocular of the rich "dunghill knight," Sir Matthew Scraggs; whilst Mrs. Davison, as Lady Scraggs, was no less at home in her affectation of exalted birth, and the dislike she expressed to vulgar alliances. Braham did what he could with the songs of *Captain Tancred*, and it was not his fault that he did not do more; and Bedford sang the sea song, which we have before spoken of, with much better taste than he is usually in the habit of displaying. Cooper and Wallack were highly respectable in the two serious parts; and Miss Stephens appeared to great advantage in *Guinere*. We might possibly here and there have wished for a little more energy or animation; but the delicate, ingenuous, and unobtrusive manners of this lady would cover many more offences in acting than we can ever lay to her charge; and we earnestly recommend all the "Misses," but more especially the musical ones, to endeavour if possible to follow so engaging an example. Harley and Miss Kelly, often as they have been before the public; were never more truly diverting than in *Tom Tape* and *Sally Scraggs*. The scene in which Harley puts on the Frenchman's coat, and gives away his diamond snuff-box, was a capital bit of equivoque, and produced loud and long-continued peals of laughter. Miss Kelly threw her whole soul into *Sally Scraggs*. The mock fainting in her lover's arms, the speeches from Jane Shore and the Mourning Bride, and the confession of her love for the amiable *Tape*, were in the very best style of the burlesque. It is that sort of character, indeed, which in any other hands would not merely have failed, but, in all probability, would have endangered the safety of the piece. There is but one new scene, but that is painted by Stanfield; a sufficient assurance of its excellence. It is a view of Calcutta, with an Indian at anchor, and the bustle of landing and conveying goods on shore, with the different dresses of the English and the natives, forms a very gay and striking picture. On the first night, *Englishmen in India* was just an hour too long. The authorship of this drama is attributed to a Mr. Wallace; but read on:

## PLAGIARISM EN MASSE.

Yea, we must have a few words more with this learned Theban. In this age of revivals, translations, and importations, we are not disposed to be very fierce against the dealers in the commodities of the stage. But we expect at least fair play; if the thing be imported, let it not be put up in the market as London manufacture; let it pay the duty, and we shall have no objection to take the sample. But the thing, in the present case, is not merely a vamped-up performance, but is urged upon the public as an altogether new drama; for such is of course

the natural presumption in the public mind, when there has been no notice to the contrary. Yet, notwithstanding this, nearly the whole of the present opera of "*Englishmen in India*," is at this moment lying on our table in the visible shape of the past opera of "*Love in the East*," by no less known and pleasant a dramatist than the late James Cobb, of the India House, and played in this very city of London, by no less known and pleasant performers than King, Mic. Kelly, Bannister, Dignum, Miss Romanzini (Mrs. Bland), Mrs. Crouch, Miss Pope, &c. at Drury Lane, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.

Of course we cannot find time or space for going through the whole of this opera. But our readers may judge how far "*Englishmen in India*" differs from "*Love in the East*," by the following specimen of the Frenchman's interview with the waiting-maid:—

Enter Colonel BATON with LUCY.

"Col. Bat. Eh bien! ma fille charmante—as monsieur be not at home, I will pay my respect to madame.

Lucy. Your name, sir, if you please.

Col. Bat. Le Colonel Baton, French officer, come from Pondicherry.

Lucy. I will see if my mistress is at home.

Col. Bat. Your mistress! Par ma foi, madame, I did suppose you was de lati de de house; you be so jolie, your figure so gentille, so negligée.

Lucy. Ah, sir!—you French gentlemen are so gallant.

Col. Bat. Gallantrie! Ah, c'est mon métier;—it be my trade;—Cupid me mon general;—I have been his soldier great many year.

Lucy. Indeed, sir!—Dear, I should think it is almost time for you to retire upon half pay.

[Going, Colonel stops her.]

Col. Bat. Ah! ha! ha! ha! Litel devil!—Je l'ai prise! Pave caught her. Ven ever dose litel girls fall in loaf vid me, dey always laugh diablement—mais allons—now for de maitresse.

Rosa. [aside] No—won't give letter to massa—Egad, have great mind to give it to Frenchman; don't like Frenchmans—had letter good enough for him—and that will make joke.

[Gives the letter, and exit.]

Col. Bat. Une lettre! pour moi!—Ah, ha! vidout direction! Somebody else in loaf avec moi; nous verrons. [Opens, and reads it.]

Private interview—tree rap at my chamber door. Marie Mushroom. Serviteur, Madame Mushroom. Poor ladi—she is struck aussi—saw me from the window, peut-etre.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Sir, I am sorry to tell you my mistress is out.

Col. Bat. Ma chere, I am sorry to contradict you—but you are out yourself. Montrez moi la chambre de madame—de lady's chambre door—tree rap, ma belle, eh!—

Lucy. Dear, sir, what would you have?

Col. Bat. I can't tell you dat, my dear,—only shew me madame's room—voici la lettre.

Lucy. [aside] My mistress's hand-writing, as I live! What is this to produce?

Col. Bat. [giving her money] I am au desespair dat I've no time to be more in love vid you à present, mademoiselle; but I shall 'ave dat honneur anoder time.

Lucy. Oh, dear, sir, I am in a hurry.

Col. Bat. Allons! ma belle, allons!

Lucy. Bless me, here is somebody coming; step into that room, sir, on the right hand—I'll attend you presently.

[Exit Col. Bat.]

In the second act, an old friend with a new face exhibits again still more handsomely.

"Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Ruin'd and undone, madam!—Here is my master returned home suddenly, and is coming into your room.—If he should catch the colonel with you—

Col. Bat. Don't be alarm, madame;—we people of gallantrie never mind such accidents. [Taking snuff.] Put me in a closet, or under your bed, or ver ever you please, matame.

Lucy. No, that will never do.—We have but one chance for your escape.—In that closet is a window, which looks into the garden—you must e'en jump out—it is not above seven or eight feet from the ground.

Col. Bat. Seven or eight feet from de ground!—Pardonnez moi, madame, it be impossible.

Mrs. Mush. Impossible!

Col. Bat. Madame, I should be vera happy to jump any vere for you; but I 'ave von litel malheur will make it impossibl. I am trouble, madame, vit de rheumatism in my knee.

Mrs. Mush. Unfortunate beyond every thing.—What a time for a man to have the rheumatism!

Lucy. Courage, madam;—I have thought of an expedient to save both your reputation and the colonel's lame knee. Twist, the tailor, is just arrived, and is now waiting at the garden door for this very coat which I have in my hand.—But we have not a moment to lose—this way, sir. [Lucy and Colonel go into a closet.]

Mrs. Mush. By what strange accident could this old Frenchman have got my letter? Col. Baton I think she called him, —the very man whom we expected here.

Mush. [without] Mrs. Mushroom!—my dear! —Why, I say, Mrs. Mushroom! [Lucy running hastily from the closet.]

Mrs. Mush. What shall I do, Lucy?

Lucy. We are all safe, madam. As I told you, Mr. Twist happened to be waiting for me, at the garden door. I called to him from the closet; and the colonel has bribed my gentleman to exchange clothes with him from the window, and will attend you as soon as he is dressed. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mush. But how must I manage, Lucy?

Lucy. Fear nothing, madam.—You must keep the old colonel in good humour, by nods, winks, and tender glances—and leave the rest to me.

Mush. [without] Mrs. Mushroom!—my love—

Lucy. [opening the door] Dear, sir, is it you?

Mush. [enters] Yes, it is me, madam; and an unwelcome visiter I am, no doubt. I suppose you had a gallant with you, my love.

Mrs. Mush. I sha'n't answer such questions, sir.

Mush. Perhaps, then, madam, you will answer me. [to Lucy] Is the gentleman disposed of?

Lucy. Oh yes, sir; I am much obliged to you—I took care to provide for that, while you were knocking at the door.

Mush. You did—hum—and pray, my good Jezebel, how did you contrive to get rid of him?

Lucy. Why, sir, I wanted him to jump out of the window; but unluckily he had the rheumatism.

Mrs. Mush. Bless me, Lucy, how can you talk so?

Mush. Let her alone; she tells lies with so good a grace, 'tis a pleasure to hear her.—Well, my dear, go on.

*Lucy.* So, sir, we were even obliged to hide the gentleman in that closet—Ha! ha! ha!

*Mush.* Why, you audacious slut, how dare you laugh at me in this manner?

*Lucy.* Lord, sir, if you doubt my veracity—believe your own eyes. [*Goes to the closet, and brings out Col. Baton, dressed in Twist's clothes, and an old coat of Mushroom's hanging on his arm.*]

*Mush.* Hey day! why, who, in the name of nonsense, have we here?

*Mrs. Mush.* Who should it be, but the tailor sent to you by Capt. Coromandel, to alter your clothes?

*Mush.* A tailor! he looks much more like a mountebank doctor—Well, my old boy, is it not rather too late in the day for you to come to India?

*Col. Bat.* Diable! [*As if clapping his hand to his sword, recollects he has no sword on.*]

*Mush.* Eh! what! Diable! [*Lucy converses with Mushroom in dumb show.*]

*Mrs. Mush.* [*aside to the Colonel*] My dear Colonel, be patient; consider, it is for my sake—

*Col. Bat.* [*aside to Mrs. Mushroom*] Ah! madame, pardonnez; I had forgot dat:—To suffer disgrace in de cause of beauty, is de triomphe, de victory and glory.

*Mush.* [*to Lucy*] A Frenchman, eh! Egad though, he is a fierce looking fellow.—Look ye, mounseer, I can't jabber your lingo, so I believe my wife must talk to you; she can parlee voo a little.

*Mrs. Mush.* Aye, aye; I'll release him from your vulgarity, Mr. Mushroom.

*Mush.* Not till I have given him directions how my coat is to be altered, Mrs. Mushroom.—Come here, mounseer, and let me try it on; though, on second thoughts, I won't trouble you. Egad though, I have forgot, all this time, to inquire after Colonel Baton. I am very anxious for his arrival.

The scene goes on in the same way of adoption; but we have had enough of it. We now come to our tailor, Mr. Twist, whom Harley makes so amusing.

*Enter TWIST, in Col. BATON's clothes.*

*Mush.* [*to Twist*] My dear Colonel Baton, I am heartily glad to see you in Calcutta. [*Shaking hands with Twist*] But, odso, I forgot; perhaps he can't speak English.

*Lucy.* Let me talk to him, sir; I'll warrant I'll contrive to make him understand us.

[*Taking Twist aside.*]

*Mush.* This is a mighty queer kind of a Frenchman; he is as silent, and as shame-faced, as if he had been bred up in England.

*Lucy.* [*aside to Twist*] Bred up in England!—No bad hint that; pursue it by all means.

*Mrs. Mush.* Oh, Colonel Baton! how shall I make you amends for all this?

*Col. Bat.* Madame, I will have de honneur to tell you anoder time. [*aside*] Bless me! what could make her so mosh in love vid me?

*Twist.* [*to Lucy, aside*] And so I'm to pass for the French colonel; but are you sure I sha'n't get my bones broke for this?

*Lucy.* [*aside to Twist*] Pshaw! you can't oblige the colonel more; come, begin.

*Twist.* [*aside to Lucy*] And may I give myself as many airs as I like?

*Lucy.* [*to Twist*] The more the better; be as impudent as you please.

*Twist.* [*aside to Lucy*] A match; I warrant you shall have no reason to complain of my modesty. [*Goes up to Mushroom, and claps him on the shoulder.*] Mushroom, my dear old boy, how are you?

*Mush.* Thank ye, thank ye; but you need not have been so violent in your salutation.

*Twist.* I have an English tongue, you find.

*Mush.* Yes, and an English arm too; and you have learnt our country fashion of asking people how they do. My dear Mrs. Mushroom this is colonel —

*Twist.* Psha! zounds! the lady knows very well who I am. By your leave, madam—[*catches Mrs. Mushroom in his arms, and kisses her*]. No offence, I hope.

*Col. Bat.* [*aside to Mrs. Mush.*] Ah, peste! Madame, I am enragé; shall I cut his throat? Diable! I have no sword.

*Mrs. Mush.* By no means, colonel; the poor fellow means no harm.

*Mush.* But, pray, colonel, how does it happen that you speak English so well?

*Twist.* Oh, I was bred up in England from a child; I was at school in London.

*Mush.* Egad, I should not suppose you had been at school any where by your breeding. [*aside*]—I'll take a pinch of your snuff, colonel.

*Twist.* I don't know whether I have a snuff-box about me. Oh, yes; here it is. [*Offering him snuff.*]

*Mrs. Mush.* What a handsome box! charming indeed.

*Twist.* Yes, 'tis pretty enough; I think I never observed it before.

*Mush.* Pretty! it is exquisite.

*Twist.* The box is much at your service if you like it.

*Mush.* My dear colonel, ten thousand thanks. [*aside*] This fellow will prove a fine pigeon.

*Col. Bat.* [*aside*] Ah, ma chere tabatiere! my deare box! [*aside to Twist*] Rogue! villain!

*Mush.* Hey day! what does that tailor want with you?

*Twist.* Faith, I don't know; perhaps he imagines my coat wants altering.

*Mush.* Why, I don't think it would be amiss to —

*Twist.* It does look as if it was not made for me; that is the truth of the matter."

And so forth, as the reader may amuse himself by ascertaining in the original.

One of the best hits in the pseudo modern opera is Miss Kelly's bewildering the tobacco-selling nabob into searching the wrong room for her lover. Here, too, we have the pleasure of a revival.

"*Lucy.* Don't go out at that door, sir; it leads to the garden, where you will be surely discovered; make haste into this room; here is the key of the door; I'll match the old gentleman, I'll warrant him. [*Mrs. Mushroom and Warnford go in, and Lucy locks the door, and tries if her key will fit the lock of the other door.*]

*Lucy.* The same key fits both locks; that is lucky indeed.

*Enter MUSHROOM.*

*Mush.* [*aside*] Hey-day, gone already! why how can they have escaped? That jade Lucy here?—then there is mischief stirring. [*To her.*] How the devil did you come here? and what are you fidgeting about at that door?

*Lucy.* Dear sir,—you—you—really your questions confuse one so.

*Mush.* Indeed! Well, I didn't think any question whatever could have confused you; however, I'll spare your blushes for the sake of their novelty; so open that door for me. [*Lucy setting her back against the door of the empty room.*]

*Lucy.* What door, sir?—this?

*Mush.* Ay, madam, that: I suppose you have the key.

*Lucy.* I have the key, to be sure, sir; but hadn't you better go into the other room? Indeed, sir, you will find nobody here.

*Mush.* Hussey, hussey! you're in league with my wife.

*Lucy.* Who, sir, would not be partial to so kind a mistress?

*Mush.* Yes, i'faith, I believe she's a kind mistress to half my acquaintance;—but open the door, I tell you.

*Lucy.* Pray take my advice, sir: indeed, if you go in you'll repent it.

*Mush.* Open the door, I say.

*Lucy.* Well, sir, if it must be so.—[*She opens the door, Mushroom goes in, and she turns the key upon him.*]

We take it for granted that Mr. Cobb's right and title is now satisfactorily proven,—that the only claim of the present compiler must be in the shape of *Legacy*. In truth, all that the audience found amusing in the piece they might have enjoyed in print for *simplicity*, which is, we conceive, the established price of the original in the stalls.

There are, we acknowledge, some alterations in the opera. *Gulnare* and her lover and patron are, in the original, *Ormellina* and *Colonel Bentley*, her concealed father. *Scrags*, the nabob and tobaccoist, is, in the original, a merchant or money-dealer, of the appropriate name of *Mushroom*; and Miss Kelly's portion of the piece seems borrowed from *Dick the Apprentice*; but is at least not borrowed from Mr. Cobb. The loves of Cooper and Miss Stephens are from a story by Marmontel, which, as far as our recollection serves us, has been dramatised long ago. In short, we are afraid that the restoration of the property of the dead would leave but a very sorry share to the living; and we must hope, that when next the present author writes, he will indulge us with something better than a *risfaccimento*.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday (the martyrdom of King Charles) a selection of ancient and modern music was performed at this theatre. The principal novelty of the evening was the performance of an ode to the memory of the late Duke of York. The words of the ode are by Mr. Planché, and they exhibit the true inspired feeling of a poet. One stanza, in particular, is as finely written as any thing we have met with in modern lyrical poetry. The music, by Cherubini, was very impressive, and very finely executed by Braham, Philips, and the other performers. There was also a solo on the flute, by a Mr. Ribes, from the Opera at Lisbon, which was justly applauded; and Lindley, with his violoncello, received as usual a hearty welcome. Miss Stephens was too ill to appear, and her songs were consequently undertaken by Miss Graddon. The house was full. The Oratorios are this season under the direction of Mr. Bishop, and they will take place alternately at each of the theatres. The new farce announced for next week is by Mr. Peake.

#### VARIETIES.

*Marchesi.*—This singer (vulgarly called Marchesini), who was probably the most celebrated of all the Italian musicians of his class, died lately at Bologna, aged eighty-five. He was a native of Milan, and was, many years ago, at least as famous in London as Veluti more recently was.

*London Improvements.*—The partial leveling at Hyde Park Corner is proceeding. From

below Hamilton Place to where the turn-pike stood, the hill is being shaved down from one foot to about four feet, and the material taken from this operation is carried to the road opposite St. George's Hospital and towards Knightsbridge, so as to fill up the ascent on that side. The triumphal arch into Hyde Park also progresses; and bids fair to be what was represented in the pantomime: an odd enough scene for first making a work of this kind known to the public! The French amateur who praised the skill of the architect of the Pont des Arts, because he built it across the river, and did not attempt to carry it from its source to its mouth, could not pay our architect a like compliment, who has not crossed the road with his arch, but placed it all on one side. The screen of Carlton House is now entirely removed.

**Interesting Anecdote.**—In 1810, towards the latter end of October, the Princess Amelia died, after a protracted and painful illness, which she had endured with exemplary meekness and resignation. Aware of what must be its termination, she had some of her hair set in a ring, and one day when her blind father, making his daily visit, came to her bedside, and held out his hand to her, she put this sad memorial upon his finger silently. Her dissolution occurred so soon afterwards, that she never knew the fatal consequences. The king had suffered intense anxiety during her illness, and when he felt this last indication of his daughter's love, feeling at the same time but too surely all that it implied, it affected him so strongly as to bring on the recurrence of a malady which had rendered the appointment of a regent necessary two-and-twenty years before.—*Southery's History*, &c. Vol. II.

**Dr. Fellows.**—A statement which we made respecting the gift of a piece of ground in the Regent's Park, by this gentleman, to the London University, has been questioned as "wholly inaccurate," by an evening paper. We are not in the habit of inserting any fact on light authority, and are therefore prepared to deny even the partial inaccuracies which the paper in question proceeds to point out. Dr. Fellows's declared purpose was and is what we asserted; and with regard to the Regent's Park being crown land, we were perfectly aware of the fact, at the same time that we knew it was to be purchased for this or any other suitable purpose.

**Mozart's Requiem.**—Every biographer of Mozart has introduced the anecdote of Mozart's having been poisoned immediately after completing the composition of the Requiem which goes by his name. According to a pamphlet published lately at Mentz by M. Rochlitz, the editor of the Cecilia (one of the best musical journals in Germany), this story was invented by the music-seller, after the death of that great genius, with a view of speculating on those works of his which had been refused during his lifetime. It appears that the Requiem was far from being finished at Mozart's death; and that the score was completed by Süssmayer, aided by several compositions of Handel's.

**Indelible Ink.**—M. Pallu has transmitted to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a bottle of indelible ink of his composition, accompanied by several manuscripts in its on papers of different qualities, and various chemical proofs of its indestructibility. The subject, which is certainly one of considerable importance, has been referred to the consideration of a committee.

**Africo.**—M. Castiglioni, of Milan, has published a geographical and numismatic memoir

on the eastern part of Barbary, which is called *Afrিকা* by the Arabs. He describes its antiquity, and the vicissitudes which it has undergone; and corrects numerous errors which have been committed on the subject by travellers and geographers.

**Egyptian Medal.**—A large and beautiful medal has recently been struck in Paris, for the purpose of commemorating the valuable discoveries made during the last three years of the last century, by the savans who accompanied the French army to Egypt. The face of the medal represents the military Genius of France raising from the earth the fallen Genius of Egypt. The reverse exhibits the first introduction into a modern work of art of Egyptian types and figures, with inscriptions in the hieroglyphic alphabet, so successfully deciphered by the younger Champollion. It contains the representations of sixteen Egyptian divinities; eight male, and eight female.

**Antiquities.**—In consequence of the heavy rains last October, a part of the beach of Cape Boë, near Marsala, in Sicily, was washed away, and discovered some interesting ruins, which have been buried for ages. Columns, friezes, mosaic pavements, and floors of white marble, have already been traced; and it is probable that further remains of antiquity will be found.

**Choice of Staircases.**—A Spanish priest, delivering a sermon on the Temptation in the Wilderness, said, when the Devil took Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple, and bade him cast himself down, he replied, "Thank you, my friend, I have a better staircase to go down by." Being told after the service that he had made our Saviour call the Devil his friend, he took it so much to heart that he died.

The following is the calculation of the Stamp Duties paid on the various Paris Journals: the duty is about one sous per sheet:—

	France.
Constitutionnel	720,000
Journal des Debats	300,000
Courier	115,000
Journal du Commerce	75,000
Quotidien	90,000
Moniteur	
Journal de Paris	
Drapeau Blanc	
Gazette de France	
Etoile et Pilote	
Pandore et Nouveauté	30,000
The Little Journals	10,000
Mercur de Globe	14,000

## WINE.

In an Italian publication called "Annals of Technology, Rural and Domestic Economy, Arts, Trades, &c." is a paper by a Dr. Lomeni, on the causes of the fading of the colour of wine made in closed vessels, with a description of a kind of bellows by which that injurious effect may be obviated. Dr. Lomeni considers it an undeniable fact, that wine made in close vessels has less body, colour, and aroma, than wine made in the old method; but maintains, that by means of the motion produced in the wine by the apparatus which he has invented, the advantages of making wine in close, and making it in open vessels, may be united. We have long known that much wine is sold, but we were not before aware that it is improved by puffing.

The following singular occurrence, also connected with the manufacture of wine, is related in the French journals. An octogenarian couple, at Lyons, lately smuggled into their house, in the night, a hoghead of wine, without having paid the duty upon it. A friend assisted them to get it into the cellar, and took upon him to support it, step after step, until it should reach the bottom of the staircase. Scarcely had this

movement commenced, however, when the hoghead, proving too heavy to be thus retained, rolled over the body of the unfortunate man, and bruised him so dreadfully, that he died next day at the hospital, in horrible tortments. The aged couple, who were the authors and the witnesses of the melancholy event, were so affected by it, that they both fell ill, and died in two days. [Thus, between puffing and smuggling, there are fine doings in the wine trade, abroad.]

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Translation of the Second Edition of Niebuhr's Roman History is preparing for publication, in concert with the Author.

A Second Edition of Mr. Dagley's popular work, *Death's Doings*, with new plates and additional literary contributions from several celebrated writers, is announced as being on the eve of publication.

A new quarterly publication, entitled the Naval and Military Magazine, is about to appear. In addition to original communications on all subjects connected with the welfare of the two services, the work proposes to contain copies of all orders and regulations, and a register of occurrences, &c.

The Comic Songs of the late clever actor Mr. Knight, are about to appear in an uniform collection, and accompanied by the music, chiefly composed by his eldest son.

Keeper at Home, by the author of the popular juvenile work "Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master," is preparing for publication.

Latin Manuscript.—M. Angelo Mai, to whom bibliography is already under so many obligations, has recently discovered, in the Royal Academy at Naples, the manuscript of an ancient Latin Treatise on Agriculture, remarkable for the purity of its style and the interest of its subjects. It is about to be printed.

Among the *Novelties* which have reached us since our last, are half a dozen new *Novels*; but as we cannot fill our Gazette with only one kind of publication, we are compelled to defer their notice to future Numbers, *seriatim*. In the mean time, we have set out with the first on our table, Miss Spencer's *Dame Rebecca Berry*; and now can merely mention Elizabeth de Bruce as a very attractive work; and the *Wife of Badenoch* as just arrived from Edinburgh.

A Guide to Phrenology, with an illustrative engraving, by Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon, F.A.S., author of a Dictionary of Anatomy, &c. is in the press. There is also preparing for publication, by the same, the *Anatomy and Physiology of the Eye*, with an explanation of the theory of vision, with engravings.

A posthumous poem, ascribed to the celebrated Tom Paine, and entitled the Religion of the Sun, is announced in a recent New York newspaper. How came such a treasure to be kept so long from the light?

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Weddell's Voyage to the Antarctic Sea, second edition, 8vo. 18s. bds.—*Dame Rebecca Berry*, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—*James on the Greek Article*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—*High Price of Bread*, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*The Wolfe of Badenoch*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—*Mayo's Outlines of Physiology*, 8vo. 14s.—*Alma Mater*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—*Nolan on the Assyrians*, 8vo. 10s. bds.—*Nolan's Key to Volney's Ruins*, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—*The Natchez*, in English, 3 vols. fcp. 1l. 4s. bds.—*Benson's Plans of Sermons*, Part VI, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*Mercator's British Navy*, fol. 2l. 2s. sewed.—*La Gascas Hortus Sicrus*, fol. 1l. sewed.—*Hooker's and Gierlitz's Plates of the Ferns*, fol. 1l. 5s. sewed; col. 2l. 2s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 25	From 19. to 33.	29.50 to 29.35
Friday .. 26	— 11. — 35.	29.55 — 29.77
Saturday .. 27	— 23. — 35.	29.94 — 30.10
Sunday .. 28	— 12. — 40.	30.03 — 29.90
Monday .. 29	— 35. — 50.	29.88 — 29.75
Tuesday .. 30	— 30. — 40.	29.67 — Stat.
Wednesday 31	— 30. — 47.	29.40 — 29.62

Wind variable. Except the 29th and 30th, generally cloudy; a little snow and sleet in the evening of the 29th. The ground was generally covered with snow, till the night of the 29th, when the thaw took place so rapidly that it was scarcely perceptible on the morning of the 29th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our publisher requests us to intimate that any of his customers who do not bind their *Gazettes*, and can return him No. 516, at its full price, will oblige him much. To newsmen he will give an extra allowance for the same.

C. B. will not do for publication. Do not come up to our pitch. The notice of Lucian Buonaparte was received too late.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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**INTIMATION** is hereby given, that the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY LIVING ARTISTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, will be opened early in February next, in the Rooms upon the Eastern Mound. No Work can be received after the first of said month.

By Order of the Directors,  
FRAS. CAMERON, Assistant Secretary.

Edinburgh, January 18th, 1857.

The Directors of the Royal Institution have observed in the Statement of 31st January current, a paragraph under the title of "Associated Artists," stating—"It will be observed that the Associated Artists are to have an exhibition of their own early in February, distinct from that of the Royal Institution."

As this notice might lead to the supposition that the Exhibition of the works of the Artists, to be opened at the Institution in February, distinct from that of the Royal Institution, was not to be supported by the Associated Artists of the Institution, the Directors think it right to mention, that at a large meeting of these Gentlemen, they were informed by the following eminent Artists, namely, Messrs. W. Allan, A. Ramsay, J. W. Thomson, J. Watson Gordon, H. W. Williams, J. P. Williams, and W. Simpson, being the whole Associated Artists present, that it was their intention to send their works to the Exhibition in the Rooms of the Institution, and to make the utmost exertions to give it every support in their power. The Directors may add to the above list, the names of Mr. Playfair and Mr. Andrew Wilton, the latter of whom, when leaving this country for Italy, promised to contribute to the approaching Exhibition.

Messrs. George Watson, Samuel Joseph, and William Nicholson, the remaining Associated Artists, did not attend the above meeting, and therefore the Directors had no opportunity of ascertaining their views upon the subject.

Under these circumstances, and from what they farther know of the support which the Approaching Exhibition is to receive from several other distinguished Artists resident here, and in London, Carlisle, and Newcastle, and from the Honorary Associates, the Directors feel the most perfect confidence that they will be equal, if not superior to any display of Modern Art which has lately taken place in Edinburgh.

**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE late DUKE OF YORK.** A Model in Wax, price 7s. Framed and Glazed, is just published by H. Thompson, No. 1, on the East Side of Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand. None will be sent to Country Correspondents unless accompanied by a Letter.

It may well be placed among the other recollections of the deceased, which are preserved by public and private attachment.—*Literary Gazette*, Jan. 30th, 1857.

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**PHRENOLOGY.** Mr. CROOK, Member of the Council of the London Phrenological Society, &c. &c. will deliver a Course of Three Lectures on Phrenology, at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 5th, 6th, and 7th of February, at Seven o'clock.

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See S. Whitaker, London.

The Monthly Review, No. XVII.

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 at Newgate Street; and Messrs. G. and J. Colburn, at Newgate Street.  
 J. NOYER, Task's Court, Chancery Lane.